NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

A Weekly Sporting Paper,

DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF,
YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM,
CRICKET, ROWING MATCHES,
THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the

OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

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TRAINING FOR THE RING.

His first repast being finished in ten or fifteen minutes, he will have more time for the rubbing down which is to follow or precede it, according as the perspiration may subside a little, after breakfast being the preferable time for this operation and the change of linen, by throwing off the night-shirt and its load of impurities. In half-an-hour he will be ready for the morning walk, and wish for it, too, provided he has been reduced sufficiently by the profuse sweats. While jogging along the conversation should be of the pleasant sort; viz., concerning the coming battle, his former encounters—how battles are won and lost, and so on. All at once, or by preconcert, a mile run, at nearly top speed, is to be knocked up; next day, two, and soon after three miles may be done; then the bare suggestion of the propriety of being at home to meet the patron, or see some friend, with whom to have some agreeable chat or play, will bring back the trainer and the trained to head-quarters. As the latter cools he will require suction of some sort, but in moderation. If thirst becomes at any time troublesome, as it often does during a course of training, the speediest way of allaying it is, not to supply liquid, but to prevent its expenditure, and to sooth the glands of the mouth, &c., which crave supply. Economists well know that "to save is to gain." On this principle, then, applying cold water to the skin, you stop the pores and diminish perspiration; even dipping the hands in cold water has an instantaneous effect in quenching thirst. Great draughts of liquor are justly considered injurious, for they only deluge the stomach without assuaging thirst, which is more effectually accomplished by taking liquids in mouthfuls only.

At no time, by day or night, should a trainer omit to spar with his man, whenever occasion imposes on them the necessity of keeping within doors, particularly during very bad weather, and of winter evenings. On such occasions and soon after meals, however lightly they may then play with each other, the heaviest combat of the day is to take place about noon, or one o'clock; indeed, as nearly as possible, at the precise hour at which the real fight is likely to take place, and the sham fight should resemble in earnestness and duration the forthcoming encounter. Combining the peculiar tactic's of his man's opponent, his mannerism, language, accent, and vulgarism, the trainer in sparring must endeavor to imitate them all. The sparring should continue at this hour of the day for an hour at shortest, including a bout or two after dinner is announced as ready. Dinner being dispatched, the man should not be allowed to remain in a sitting posture for more than an hour, and the whole time of his rest should be limited to two hours; sitting and any other sort of rest occupying less time in winter than in summer; because in one case, it is desirable that this part of the day should wane while the pair are sheltered from the scorching sun; in the other, that they should take advantage of its presence to conclude the day in the open air. At night, nothing should be eaten after the last exercise, and very little drunk. Going to bed need not be protracted; it should be gone about pleasantly, and take place in an airy chamber with chimney, but without curtains of any sort; on a hard bed with coarse linen, and not too much—for he wants no forced sweats at this stage of his training. Enough of clothes, however, should be at hand, to put on upon an emergency—as change of weather, &c. When the night is fine and open, the window should, in like manner be opened wider than usual; for that is a vulgar error which maintains that the night air is unwholesome at any time, the danger lying mostly in the manner of exposing to its influence the vulnerable parts of the body—as the throat, chest, &c. But much of the management of his trainer in this respect must depend upon the former habits of his man; if he has been stove-bred in the populous purlieus of a large town, he may find the rare air of the country overpower the compass of his lungs—if let in upon him at once; be he a country-bred one, a cottager or labourer, the trainer must not hesitate as to the free admission of air. On windy nights a different course must be pursued; and when the winds arise after the going to bed, a contrivance may be adopted by which to arouse the party concerned; an ill-hung window, or flapping casement are among the most obvious means of accomplishing this end. When the trainer turns out of a morning, as well as on going to bed, he must watch the breathings of his man. If the air be confined and the chamber hot, his respiration will seem difficult, each *in*spiration scarcely perceptible, each *ex*piration quick and troubled. Then let the trainer open the window to a good extent, and in two or three minutes the beneficial effects thereof on the sleeping subject will be visible, in the full inflation of his lungs, in a sort of tasting and smacking of the lips, and a sleepy thankfulness for the boon conferred. He will stretch out his legs and arms, the breathing will now be carried out by the nostrils, and each *in*spiration and *ex*piration be co-equal. A cold or standing sweat which might hitherto be felt upon the face, by placing the back of the hand there will subside, and be replaced by a genial heat. Let your man slumber half-an-hour while inhaling this new supply of health.

Medicines necessary for training are few and simple, those of a drastic or griping nature should be avoided. Medicines are generally relied upon too much, and administered with an ignorant zeal that does harm. For a very young man who is not over fat, simply opening the bowels once is fully sufficient to prepare him for the acquisition of strength, by regular living, air, and exercise. From the drastic nature of the medicines usually administered by trainers, the body becomes greatly agitated, and recovers slowly from the internal commotion produced by them. Aloes and salts are the only variety of purgatives employed by them, and these they prescribe without regard to the temperament of the person so treated. Doubtless, if a man be of a cool habit, a couple of Scott's pills (Inglis's), given at night, will empty the stomach and chief canal of the body; if he be of a hot and sanguine temperament (and it is three to one but he is), the administering an ounce of salts in the morning will achieve the same end—and little fault is to be found with either kind of the doctor-trainer. But it not unfrequently happens that the drastic nature of these medicines occasions the gut called the colon to protrude, particularly with elderly persons, which if not repressed by force, produce the disorder called piles, or at least a disposition towards contracting that disagreeable affection during life. Besides the evil just noticed, the repetition of those two medicines fails to operate as at first. To avoid those disadvantages, let the person requiring simply opening medicine take, at going to bed, a small blue pill*, about the size of a gray pea,—this will produce one stool; take the pill a little larger and two or more stools may come, proportioned to the quantity of offensive matter that lurks in the bowels. In those other cases where a thorough cleansing is required, a small blue pill taken at night, and half an ounce of salts in the morning, will effect that end.† Let the dose be much diluted, and taken lukewarm. On the day that this medicine is operating, it would be highly improper for the trainer to run his man a heat as usual, though he should move about to aid and accelerate the operation of the physic. Neither should be eat of the same kind, or so much solid food as usual, notwithstanding the fresh access of appetite that ever follows the taking of opening medicine, especially in very strong and healthy persons. All that he takes whilst in this state is quickly converted into blood—the pure stream of life, and that too rapidly. It is principally towards the head that this new blood is so rapidly conveyed, and if in the contest that is to follow, this particular man is much battered about the upper works, he goes off to "*dorse*," and loses his battle, money, and character. Many a man has become deaf to time on this account. Tartar emetic, taken in small doses, will excite vomiting, in larger doses it is a sudorific, or sweater. Dover's powders, in the quantity of ten grains, will sweat a little one, twelve for a stronger man, and fifteen for a big one. Emetic tartar, from one to three grains, will cause a man to vomit, according to the quantity of offensive matter to be ejected; if this be little or none, perspiration will ensue. Six grains of this incomparable medicine is a sure sweat, but no vomit; and will open the bowels, too, when given in a larger dose—which latter course we would not recommend. But the blue pill, of the size of a pea, as aforesaid, containing above one and a half grains, is the proper and readiest alternative, as it forms also a neat adjunct to salts, &c, rendering a lesser quantity of this drastic medicine fully sufficient for a brisk cathartic.

Considerable error prevails among the trainers on several points besides those before notized, viz., the use of the oils (of the farriers) for stiff-jointed subjects, and the application of opodeldoc to a joint or other part where pain is felt. Both are injurious; the first-mentioned sadly so. Opodeldoc being made of soap, spirits of wine, and camphor, is objectionable on account of the first ingredient, which is detrimental to the cuticle or skin, and the effect of spirits of wine upon the ligaments and tendons is rather to contract than render them supple. The remedy for pained limbs, or stiff-joints which arise from over-exercise or local weakness, is sweet oil (good olive oil is still better), and camphor well rubbed over the part, or rather into it. The chemists prepare this embrocation by dissolving the camphor in one-eighth its weight of spirit, and then mixing the solution with almond oil. We may here add, too, without affecting more appearance of modesty than belongs to us, that, after all we can say upon paper, a good deal must yet be left to the trainer's own judgment and experience, and the particular care required by each individual man that may be confided to him. Yet will he be thankful, no doubt, for a few items of information on some minor points connected with this great and vital (though preliminary) part of the momentous contest.

In the question of victuals and drink, and the manners and times of refreshing, no greater variety of opinions and practices exist on any part of the subject now under consideration. And each of the argumentators may have been in the right with respect to the training of certain individuals who may have been placed under his care. But we deny the general application of such doctrines to all men. What! because Joe Ward's men succeeded after taking his "three three's," * or Dan Mendoza's protege, old Dutoh Sam, trained upon gin, are we, at this improved state of science, to allow of the like insane courses? The old adage is true—and these wise saws are sometimes of great service—"What is one man's meat is another man's poison." Much, nearly all, depends on previous habits, and the trainer that would lead his man from bad to good ones, must go about his work gently, that he may succeed more surely. "Set out on your journey softly, that you may come home safely;" or "slow and steady wins the race," two good proverbs to be marked by all trainers in breaking in their men.

OF DRINK.

Beer has been interdicted *in toto* by many trainer, and their injunction is right as far as regards London-brewed malt liquor. Yet, bad as it is, we would not advise that the man who is just taken into training should be denied porter altogether, though he should be cut off to one-half his usual quantity the first day; and in the course of a fortnight, if he cannot do without, be allowed only a pint a day, taken along with his animal food (at twice), and always stale, bottled stout being the next best malt liquor to the kind which alone we would recommend. This should be home-brewed beer, made of hops, malt, and water, of the strength of three bushels to the barrel, or thereabouts, with hops enough to keep it six months at least; double that age, however, would answer our purpose much better, but in no case should the beer be drunk to the ordinary quantity he has been in the habit of taking. Our men should avoid taking the beer of two different breweries on the same day; for the variety of proportions and kinds of ingredients used (if naught worse) will derange the bowels.

WINE.

In case a man gets such malt liquor as has been described, he will require but little wine. This should be port, drunk diluted in water that has been boiled and got cool again. Port wine is a main assistant in training upward a man who has been too much reduced. If such a one take his dinner of roast or boiled meats, using salt, and drink a glass of pure old port at two or three sips in the intervals of eating, he will make blood (increase its quantity and good quality) faster than by any other means we know of. The sick and valetudinary cannot adopt this method; but as soon as they become convalescent, let them adopt it in a modified degree. Let exercise always precede and follow such a meal—up to the pitch of strength, before dinner long, but slowly after dinner; he may then drink cold tea by way of diluent; and as he acquires strength, increase his portion of wine to two glasses—no more. Neither tea nor coffee are adjunct liquids we should recommend, though the man who has been much accustomed to them should not be entirely debarred either, particularly after taking a solid and frugal dinner; but mind let each be always nearly cold. Hot tea or coffee is in all cases enervating. They may stimulate the hard-worked sedentary student or man of business; they are unfit for the man of active bodily occupation. Instead of such "catlapperies" for breakfest, let water-gruel be taken in incipient training, for than water-gruel well made there is not in the whole dispensatory a better preventive of diseases, or more able assistant in the recovery of patients, or more certain strengthener of man in health. Oatmeal, and water, and salt, are the sole ingredients of gruel; put into it any thing else, and it ceases to be gruel. Smoothness, thinness, and slowness in the preparation are indispensable requisites for the gruel you want for your men. At any hour of the day or night, hot, cold, or lukewarm, at exercise or riding, let no man who seeks health deny himself all-potent water-gruel—iron prince of health and strength.*

* The blue pill here prescribed is made upon the same principle of strength everywhere; but its chiefest recommendation lying in the minuteness and care with which the particles of mineral are distributed over the mass, that excellence is to be found in the preparation of Apothecaries' Hall, where a machine performs the labour of mixing, at which kind of toil the strongest arm will tire too soon. It were best purchased at the said hall, "in the mass," per ounce, but be careful not to use too much at any one time.

† Blue pill and other preparations of mercury being apt to adhere to the system, ought to be worked off the morning after they are taken by a warm infusion of senna, as we have already recommended.

* Three doses of salts, three sweats, three vomits for three weeks, with victuals three-parts dressed, constituted the rationale of training recommended and practised by the trainers of the old school.

* The subject of drink being of paramount importance, we here quote a medical testimony (Mr. Forsyth) respecting it. He says, "Medically speaking, as regards drink, we would say, that water would be the best liquor in training; but it is never given alone in modern times, as it is thought to be a weakening diluent. The ancient athletæ, however, were allowed nothing but water, or a sort of thick sweet wine. The drink preferred in modern training is good old malt liquor in bottles, and as mild as possible, without any perceptible tartness or harshness. It is occasionally taken with toast in it, but this is optional. Those who do not like malt liquor, particularly for breakfest, may have half the quantity of wine and water. Even tea (not hot) is permitted, but this reluctantly, as it is not considered strengthening. Hot, or even warm liquor of any kind, is reckoned very weakening, and is never given, except warm gruel or beef tea, when taking physic. Those who have been accustomed to wine, and insist upon having it, are recommended to take red wine, in the quantity of half a pint to dinner, but none is allowed for supper. Mr. Jackson, however, is positive that if a person accustomed to wine would relinquish it for malt liquor, a few weeks would convince him of the superiority of the home-brewed over the foreign stuff. No spirits are ever permitted, not even with water, under any pretence or consideration whatsoever. We may also mention that no milk is allowed, as it is, particularly when strong and creamy, of a fattening and weakening quality. No drink is permitted before meals, unless there be distressing thirst."

[To be continued.]

NEW RULES FOR THE RING.

THE FOLLOWING RULES HAVE BEEN ADOPTED BY GENERAL ASSENT FOR THE CONDUCT OF ALL PRIZE FIGHTS.

I. THAT the ring shall be made on turf, and shall be four-and-twenty feet square, formed of eight stakes and ropes, the latter extending in double lines, the uppermost line being four feet from the ground, and the lower two feet from the ground. That in the centre of the ring a mark be formed, to be termed a scratch; and that at two opposite corners, as may be selected, spaces be enclosed by other marks sufficiently large for the reception of the seconds and bottle-holders, to be entitled "the corners."

II. That each man shall be attended to the ring by a second and a bottte-holder, the former provided with a sponge, and the latter with a bottle of water. That the combatants on shaking hands, shall retire until the seconds of each have tossed for choice of position; which adjusted, the winner shall choose his corner according to the state of the wind or sun, and conduct his man thereto, the loser taking the opposite corner.

III. That each man shall be provided with a handkerchief of a colour suitable to his own fancy, and that the seconds proceed to entwine these handkerchiefs at the upper end of one of the centre stakes. That these handkerchiefs shall be called the "colours," and that the winner of the battle at its conclusion shall be entitled to their possession, as the trophy of victory.

IV. That two umpires shall be chosen by the seconds or backer to watch the progress of the battle, and take exception to any breach of the rules hereafter stated. That a referee shall be chosen by the umpires, to whom all disputes shall be referred; and that the decision of this referee, whatever it may be, shall be final and strictly binding on all parties, whether as to the matter in dispute, or the issue of the battle. That the umpires shall be provided with a watch, for the purpose of calling time; and that they mutually agree upon which this duty shall devolve, the call of that umpire only to be attended to, and no person whatever to interfere in calling time. That the referee shall withhold all opinion till appealed to by the umpires, and that the umpires strictly abide by his decision without dispute.

V. That on the men being stripped, it shall be the duty of the seconds to examine their shoes and drawers, and if any objection arises either as to insertion of improper spikes in the former, or substances in the latter, they shall appeal to their umpires, who, with the concurrence of the referee, shall direct if any and what alteration shall be made.

VI. That both men being ready, each man shall be conducted to that side of the scratch next his corner previously chosen; and the seconds on the one side, and the men on the other, having shaken hands, the former shall immedialely return to their corners, and there remain within the prescribed marks till the round be finished, on no pretence whatever approaching their principals during the round, on penalty of losing the battle.

VII. That at the conclusion of the round, when one or both of the men shall be down, the seconds and bottle-holders shall step forward and carry or conduct their principal to his corner, there affording him the necessary assistance, and that no person whatever be permitted to interfere in this duty.

VIII. That at the expiration of thirty seconds (unless otherwise agreed upon), the umpire appointed shall cry: "Time," upon which each man shall rise from the knee of his bottle-holder and walk to his own side of the scratch unaided, the seconds and bottle-holders remaining at their corner; and that either man failing so to be at the scratch within eight seconds, shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

IX. That on no consideration whatever shall any person be permitted to enter the ring during the battle, nor till it shall have been concluded; and that in the event of such unfair practice, or the ropes and stakes being disturbed or removed, it shall be in the power of the umpires and referee to award the victory to that man who, in their honest opinion, shall have the best of the contest.

X. That the seconds and bottle-holders shall not interfere, advise, or direct the adversary of their principal, and shall refrain from all offensive and irritating expressions, in all respects conducting themselves with order and decorum, and confine themselves to the diligent and careful discharge of their duties to their principals.

XI. That in picking up their men, should the seconds or bottle-holders wilfully injure the antagonist of their principal, the latter shall be deemed to have forfeited the battle, on the decision of the umpires or referee.

XII. That it shall be "a fair stand-up fight," and if either man shall wilfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, whether blows shall have previously been exchanged or not, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to a man who in a close slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment, or from obvious accident or weakness.

XIII. That butting with the head shall be deemed foul, and the party resorting to this practice shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

XIV. That a blow struck when a man is thrown or down, shall be deemed foul. That a man with one knee and one hand on the ground, or with both knees on the ground shall be deemed down; and a blow given in either of those positions shall be considered foul, providing always, that when in such position, the man so down shall not himself strike or attempt to strike.

XV. That a blow struck below the waistband shall be deemed foul, and that, in a close, seizing an antagonist below the waist, by the tigh, or otherwise, shall be deemed foul.

XVI. That all attempts to inflict injury by gouging, or tearing the flesh with the fingers or nails, and biting shall be deemed foul.

XVII. That kicking, or deliberately falling on an antagonist, with the knees or otherwise when down, shall be deemed foul.

XVIII. That all bets shall be paid as the battle-money, after a fight, is awarded.

XIX. That no person on any pretence whatever shall be permitted to approach nearer the ring than ten feet, with the exception of the umpires and referee, and the persons appointed to take charge of the water or other refreshment for the combatants, who shall take their seats close to the corners selected by the seconds.

XX. That due notice shall be given by the stakeholder of the day and place where the battle-money is to be given up, and that he be exonerated from all responsibility upon obeying the direction of the umpires and referee; and that all parties be strictly bound by these rules; and that in future all articles of agreement for a contest are entered into with a strict and willing adherence to the letter and spirit of these rules, and without reserve or equivocation.

XXI. That in the event of magisterial interference, it shall be the duty of the umpires and referee to name the time and place for the next meeting, if possible on the same day, unless that duty be assigned to the stakeholder or some other authority.

XXII. That should the event not be decided on the day named, all bets shall be deemed void, unless again declared on by mutual agreement; but that the battle-money shall remain in the hands of the stakeholder till fairly won or lost by a fight, unless each party shall agree to withdraw his stake.

XXIII. That any pugilist voluntarily quitting the ring previous to the deliberate judgment of the umpires and referee being obtained, shall be deemed to have lost the fight.

XXIV. That on an objection being made by the seconds or umpire, the men shall retire to their corners, and there remain till the decision of the appointed authorities shall be obtained; that if pronounced "foul," the battle shall be at an end, but if "fair," "time" shall be called by the party appointed, and the man absent from the scratch in eight seconds after shall be deemed to have lost the fight. The decision in all cases to be given promptly and irrevocably, for which purpose the umpires and the referee should be invariably close together.

XXV. That if in a rally at the ropes a man steps outside the ring, to avoid his antagonist or to escape punishment, he shall forfeit his right to the battle.

XXVI. That the use of hard substances, such as stones or sticks, in the hand during the battle shall be deemed foul, and that on the requisition of the seconds of either man, the party accused shall open his hands for the examination of the umpires and referee.

XXVII. That the use of resin or other powder in the hand be deemed foul.

XXVIII. That where a man shall have his antagonist across the ropes in such a position as to be helpless, and to endanger his life by strangulation or apoplexy, it shall be in the power of the referee to direct the seconds to take their man away, and thus conclude the round, and that the man or his seconds refusing to obey the direction of the referee, shall be deemed the loser.

XXIX. That all stage fights be as nearly as possible in conformity with the foregoing rules.

SWEET.—A Western Editor says that nothing is sweeter than the warm and ardent kiss from one we love, unless it is molasses.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—"Did it rain tomorrow?" asked the Dutchman. "I guess it was," replied the Frenchman.

THE RING.

Gallant Fight between Jemmy Massey and Dan McNulty for £100 a side.

The pugilistic business of the year was opened on the 1st of January by a small deposit for a mill between mine host of the King's Head and Daniel M'Nulty, an aspiring Lancastrian, of whom provincial fame spoke loudly. This was a match for 100*l.* a side, to come off on the 5th of the past month. A long day was properly named, as Massey, while reposing on his laurels, had so increased in bulk as to be under the necessity of reducing himself from something near 11st to the stipulated 8st 13lb of the articles? He went, however, resolutely about his task of self-denial and hard work in the vicinity of Sutton, under the eye of a well-known Westminster pedestrian. M'Nulty placed himself in training under the care of Eden of Birmingham, at Hatfield Woodside. The confidence of Massey's friends increased as the day drew near, and they found his condition all that could be wished, the betting tending upwards from evens to 5 and then 6 to 4, at which point it stood when the eventful Tuesday's sun struggled through the thick morning fog. At scale, on Monday, at Mr. Patton's, Massey, in his drawers was within a few ounces of 8st 13lb, while M'Nulty was a trifle under 8st 12lb. A judicious arrangement was made by the managers of the trip. The powerful and commodious Sons of the Thames being chartered for the voyage, and departing early with the *elite* of the ticket holders, who paid an advanced price for the accommodation, while Waterman 7, at a reduced tariff offered a passage to the battlefield to those who e supply of "the ready" was less plentiful, though their desire to see the mill might be none the less ardent. Towards ten o'clock the fog rolled away, and a glorious sun shed its brightness on the downward voyage, and in Long Reach the Sons of the Thames blew off her steam to await her consort, on board of which was Massey, M'Nulty having come on board the Sons at North Woolwich. Soon after a spot was selected—a ground memorable by many encounters. The ring was speedily formed by the veteran commissary and his assistants, and at a few minutes after two Massey stepped through the ropes, and tossed his cap within the enclosure. He was followed in a few minutes by the Liverpool youth, and the colors, dark blue, with a white border, for M'Nulty, and cream color with a crimson spot for Massey, were knotted to the stake. After a short conference a referee was agreed on, and an excellent ring being cleared, the men's toilettes were soon completed, and at three o'clock they shook hands, and their seconds retired to their corners. For reasons here unnecessary to state, we merely hint that the Borough Champion and Ben Terry waited upon M'Nulty, and the best of the one-eyed ones, with a very substantial walking "shadow," paid their attention to Jemmy Massey. As the men are now before us, it will be as well to say a word or two of their antecedents. Massey, a tale of whose deeds will be found in these columns in their chronological order, opened his Ring career in December, 1842, by defeating Cronshaw, at the Baguely Moor, Cheshire. He subsequently beat O'Brien and Sheppard, and fought Martin (interrupted) in 1843. In 1844 Sam Brown of Manchester, and Snacks (Mills) of Leeds, surrendered to his prowess. In the following year he defeated Patsey Clay of Manchester, after an obstinate battle. Tigser of Leeds—weighing 9st 7lb against Massey's 8st 4lb—was conquered in February, 1846, and in June he triumphed over Enoch Horridge in 10 rounds, occupying but 15 minutes. A ripple in his stream of success was caused by his losing a fight with Young Reed by a rash blow, on October 6th, 1846. In 1847 his star was again in the ascendant; he came to London, where he in January beat the accomplished Jemmy Welsh on Jan. 19, and in the April following Norley (George Hall) of Manchester struck his flag to him. In April, 1848, Massey sustained his only defeat from Edwards of Cheltenham, a formidable right-leg foremost fighter, whose tactics triumphed after 3h 14min of a close contest. Massey now became a boniface in London; but in November, 1850, being challenged to the field, he matched himself with Young Noon at 9st, and fought him a draw of nearly three hours at Dean, Wiltshire, darkness putting a stop to the battle. A second defeat of Jemmy Welsh, in July last, brings us to the present encounter. Massey's height is about 5ft 3in, and his original fighting weight was about 8st 4lb. Dan M'Nulty first made his bow in Feb. 1848, when he beat Lapworth, near Coleshill, Warwickshire. In June of the same year he met Dan Roberts of Birmingham at the same place, who after 130 rather irregular rounds was proclaimed the winner. In August, 1848, he vanquished Payne of Birmingham, and in April, 1849, he beat Forty Fox in very good style, and followed this up in 1850 by polishing off Ike Terry in July, and Jim Willday in Oct. He began in 1851 by beating Millard of Birmingham in January, and followed it by a match with George Lane. In May he was pitted against Alfred Trott at 9st 4lb, whom he defeated on the 29th of July in 54min in first-rate style. Thus much of the men, and now for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. M'Nulty, who is a hardy, fresh-looking young fellow, was certainly in tip-top condition; clear-skinned, firm, with arms of more than average length for his stature, which seemed at least to exceed by three inches that of his opponent, he certainly looked an awkward customer. He is large-boned, and his skull a pugnacious one. His profile is flat, his cheekbones prominent, his jawbone long, his face square; in short, he presents those characteristics of some tribes of the Celtic race, which, though popularly called "fighting nobs," are seldom if ever found in the portraits or persons of first-rate boxers. The Liverpool Hibernian's sides near the points of his shoulder blades, and on the breastbone, were remarkable for their hard close knots of muscle. With all points in his favor, however, there was by no means that "lurking devil" in his eye which betokens entire self-confidence. Massey bore the marks of a veteran warrior, although yet a young man. His massive, round, and compact frame, with its bullet-head and bull-like neck, were there, but in the body he seemed rather loose and soft. Still his eye and demeanor were fiercely resolute, and none who knew him doubted that for the youngster to win the fight he must combine sterling courage with great perseverance, and no small *quantum* of skill should he ever arrive at that honor, against which, when they stood up, one or two bets at 7 to 4 were ventured. There was but little manœuvring before Massey tried it on with his left, but was somewhat short, and followed it with his right, which M'Nulty stopped neatly; then, stepping in, reached Massey's left eye sharply, and there were instantly some merry exchanges, in the course of which Massey gave Master Mac a stinger on the mouth, from which "the ruby" made its appearance. The men broke away, but soon crept near again, and there were some more exchanges without much harm, and Mac bustled Massey down in his own corner.

2. Massey got in his left high on M'Nulty's forehead, who returned the compliment on Massey's left cheekbone, raising thereon "a mouse." Massey retreated and Mac went after him, making offers with the left. Mack missed Massey's head and they closed. There was a sharp but short struggle, M'Nulty raised Massey from the ground, but he could not throw him, as he turned and got down. In the half-arm hitting M'Nulty visited Massey's left ear with his right and got it on the nose, by way of "set off."

3. A rattling rally; ding-dong. Massey bumped Mac's forehead in various places, too high up to do him much harm. The Liverpuldian, on the other hand, sent out some stingers, one of which tinted Massey's lips, and another fetched the claret from beneath his left eye. Massey rushed fiercely in, and knocked Mac down near the corner stake. [Great cheers, and offers of 2 to 1 on the veteran.]

4. M'Nulty did not exhibit any particular sign of the knock-down: he was first from his corner, and began the affray. The men scrambled into a close, when Mac got his arms round Massey's loins, who hung on them till he could slip to ground to avoid the throw.

5. Exchanges; Mac hit Massey sharply on the dial, who returned over the eye-brow. Left-handed counter-hits followed, in which Mac's length gave him an advantage. Massey's left eye very queer. Massey, after breaking ground, once or twice very judiciously to avoid M'Nulty's threatened right, caught Mac a puzzler just in the throat that stopped his rush for the moment. He missed one upper-cut, but reached Massey's chin with another, when Massey fell on his knees.

6. In went Massey and planted his left on Mac's chest and his right on his ribs, both sounding ones. Mac fought away rather unsteadily, and Massey went down first.

7. Counter-hits, Massey second best. Exchanges followed wherein Mac's nose and ribs were sharply punished. The men closed: Mac threw Massey [cheers for M'Nulty].

8. M'Nulty first to the scratch, and making play, Massey broke ground and shifted twice by stepping to the left, disappointing the young one's right hand, which he let go viciously. M'Nulty followed rather hastily, and Massey gave him a smack in the mouth, followed by a ribber with the right that was, as the Yankees say, "quite a caution." Some wild weaving, and Massey dropped on his knees.

9. Mac just reached his man's dial with the left, and they closed. Massey broke the hold and got away, and two or three determined hits were exchanged. Massey shifted and disappointed M'Nulty by turning half round, and got out of his reach laughing. M'Nulty got a pop in the nose, which he returned by two hard knocks on Massey's impenetrable nob, one high up behind the right ear, and the other on his jawbone. Massey delivered left and right; some resolute haf-arm exchanges ensued, and a fierce fighting round finished by Massey slipping on his knees.

10. M'Nulty's friends in high feather. Massey came up resolute and slow, and Mac began rather hastily to follow him about the ring. "Steady, Dan, steady!" cried his seconds. The warning was needed. He touched Massey lightly with his left hand, which was puffed and swollen from contact with his adversary's head, when the little one dashed in fiercely in his olden style. Chancing all blows, he delivered a sounder on Mac's body with the right, gave him a flush hit on the nose, and closed him. Mac displayed much knowledge of wrestling and undiminished strength. Massey, after a few seconds' struggle, failing to get him over, was turned, and both fell on their sides, Massey undermost, but with M'Nulty's left arm in an awkward position. M'Nulty afterwards alleged that this important weapon was almost lost to him from this round.

11. A short scramble, and both down.

12. Massey went in like a lion, but did not seem to make much impression; in the course of the rally M'Nulty slung his right into his opponent's left ear a stinger, and Massey was on his knees.

13. Massey with undaunted game faced his man, and, as usual, there was some smart punching, in which the young one's length seemed to give the balance in his favour. In the close Massey was thrown at the ropes, but not heavily.

14, 15. Fighting rounds; in the first Massey on his knees; in the second he got

Continued on 4th page.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

HOME MATTERS.

The Sullivan and Morrissy Match.

A wager of $5,000 to 3,000 on Morrissy.

The following letter was sent to our address on the first announcement of the match, but owing to some neglect in the Post Office, it failed to reach us until Friday last, after our paper had been issued. We regret the delay in publishing the letter, but as it was no fault of ours, the gentleman will not, of course, attribute to us the neglect. The document speaks for itself, and shows that the Trojan has some staunch backers. Many bets have been made on the result of the Mill, but as they are mostly of trifling amounts compared to the offer made by our correspondent, we have not thought proper to mention them. But read for yourselves :—

Brooklyn, July 15th, 1853.

TO THE FANCY.—The undersigned being desirous of testing the pretended friendship existing for Yankee Sullivan, begs leave to offer the following to his backers :

The undersigned has in his possession the sum of five thousand dollars, which he will stake against three thousand dollars, that John Morrissy will gain the forthcoming encounter inside of thirty rounds.

Any person feeling an inclination to accept the above bet, will find his friend at James Clifford's, Putnam Shades, on the corner of Courtland and Bergen streets, Brooklyn.

JOHN J. SOMERSFIELD,
Brooklyn.

NEW YORK against PHILADELPHIA.

GREAT BOAT RACE,

For a Purse of Five Hundred Dollars.

DEFEAT OF THE PHILADELPHIANS.

TUESDAY, August 2d.

Quite an excitement was created in the sporting circles by the announcement that a race was to take place on Tuesday, August 2d, between the New York boat George Clark, and the Philadelphia boat Runaway, for a sum of $500. The boats were considered by their respective owners fast boats, and much anxiety was manifested to discover to which vessel should be awarded the palm of victory.

At an early hour on Tuesday last, the Hoboken ferry boats were liberally patronized by the throng of persons who were desirous of witnessing the race, and thousands of spectators thronged the pleasure grounds of Mr. Barker, at Hoboken, to witness the start.

The vessels were to start at one o'clock, and sail a distance of 10 miles up the river, round the stake boat at that point, and return; but it was half-past 1 o'clock before the starting signal was given.—We never witnessed a more beautiful start than was effected by the two boats. It was the general remark of all present. A fair breeze was blowing at the time, and as the vessels got fairly under way, it was perceptible that the Clark seemed to gain a very slight advantage over her competitor, which advantage she maintained until rounding the stake boat, when she was, perhaps, two minutes in advance of the Philadelphia boat. This distance was gradually increased on the homeward stretch, and it became at once apparent that it would be almost impossible for the Runaway to make up her lost ground. The Clark gained slowly but surely, and reached the starting point at Hoboken about twenty minutes after four o'clock, beating her Philadelphia opponent about six minutes and a half in a distance of 20 miles. Both boats behaved excellent, and no accident of any kind happened to mar the sport of the race. The purse of $500 was awarded the owner of the New York boat on the decision of the judge being announced.

The Runaway may be a smart boat on the Delaware, but fast sailing on that river is a little behind what our Hudson River boatmen consider good time. However, there is no denying the fact that the Runaway proved herself no mean opponent of one of the fastest boats of her class on the North River. We hope these friendly matches may take place oftener, as they tend to the development of improvements in the building of boats, which cannot fail of being of great advantage hereafter. The Philadelphians bore their defeat with good feelings, and proved themselves hale fellows, well met.

Time:—Clark, 2h. 36m. 30—1
Runaway, 2h. 43m. 36—1

The beautiful and spacious grounds of Mr. Barker, at Hoboken, from which point the boats started, afford a most delightful spot for the witnessing of these regattas.

For the Clipper.

Challenge for $10,000.

Sailing Match between the Schooners George S. Wood of Tarrytown, and the Lewis R. Mackey of Haverstraw.

Tarrytown, July 23, 1853,

The above named vessels sailed a match on the 5th day of July last, for a purse of $100. Starting at the foot of Charlton-st. going to and turning the south-west spit-buoy and returning. On that occasion the Wood beat her competitor 18½ minutes, since which time challenges have been given by each party, which resulted in nothing till the last match was made, although it is proper to state that the owners of the Wood have, *at all times*, been ready and to sail their schooner against the Mackey, for almost any sum of money. The last match was made to come off on Thursday last (21st July) for $500 a side, to sail the same distance as formerly, though the owners and friends of the Wood urged a larger bet which was declined.

It was apparent on the day of sailing, that there would not be wind enough to test the sailing qualities of the respective vessels, though according to the articles they were obliged to start. Much betting was done previous to the starting, the Wood being the favorite at small odds. They left their starting point at a few minutes past 10, with an ebb tide and a light wind from the north east, accompanied by the steamers Thomas E. Hulse, Washington Irving; the sloops Victorine, American Eagle, South Wind, Locomotive, and the schooner William E. Bayles. The schooners lapped at starting; the Wood being to windward, having won the toss. They passed the city well, together (the Wood having left Mackey one or two lengths) receiving the hurrahs of their respective friends who lined the docks away down to the battery, and the salutes of all the steamers as they passed. From this time until the buoy was turned, there was no time that the parties on board the respective boats could not converse together without any extra exertion, and many bets were made between them. Occasionally the Mackey would gain a little, and seem to be in advance of the Wood, when the Wood would seem to rouse up, and take her place again. When the buoy was turned at 1 o'clock and nine minutes by the Wood, being lapped by the Mackey on her weather quarter, the wind from the eastward, the Wood, hauling close on the wind on her larboard tack, her course being nearly, or quite north, the Mackey following suit, but apparently unable to be so near the wind (which freshened at this time) by one point at least, dropped slowly astern, and rapidly to leeward. This was the condition of the schooners till they had gained the channel above the Knowles buoy, some four miles on their return, the Wood at least a mile in advance. At this point the wind entirely died away, the Wood being just able to stem the remainder of the ebb tide with a trifling advance. The Mackey not being able to hold her own, dropped anchor. The boats lay in this position with little or no change till the making of the flood tide, when they both drifted with it over the south end of the west bank, through the Swash Channel, to the telegraph station at the entrance of the Narrows. The Wood, on arriving at that point, met a light air from the north west which entirely died away at Steepleton Dock, when she again drifted with the weak flood of the upper bays. The Mackey, on arriving under Fort Richmond, took a shore or dock breeze, which she kept up till it brought her up to the weather quarter of the Wood. This breeze was not felt by the Wood until this time, she having been merely drifting with the tide. The race now became most intensely exciting. The Mackey attempted to pass to windward under the Island. In this condition of the race, being under the lee of the Island, and but a mere breath of air, the Wood discharged about two tons of her ballast, which seemed to lighten her a little, and she left the Mackay about one hundred yards, and held so till off Castle Garden, when a light air from the south brought the Mackey alongside the Wood. Both vessels now steered for Jersey City side by side, the Mackey endeavoring to get to windward. When near Jersey City, both boats squared away for Charlton street side by side, the Wood to windward. On arriving within a few hundred yards of the starting point, the Mackey, instead of keeping away, luffed to clear a large schooner which lay at anchor, which brought her in contact with the Wood. The rigging of the two boats became entangled, and with bowsprits turned towards the city, they floated side by side, sideways, up to the starting point, the Wood, of course, reaching the goal her width in advance of her competitor. The bets were all drawn in pursuance of the decision of the judges, though much dissatisfaction was expressed by the Wood's friends, who offered to leave the matter to any disinterested man, or sail the race over again for the same or any larger amount. I heard the Fanny Town boys on the next morning banter the Mackey friends to sail another match for any amount from $500 up to $5000, and wait till the wind should suit the Mackey; and the losing party should pay the successful one $25 per day for detention; or they would start immediately, and go the same distance for $100, all of which was refused. I am authorized to say that the Wood's friends are ready to match her to go the same distance for any amount short of $10,000, against any schooner afloat, to carry three sails.

OLD SALT.

The Southwark Engine.

THEIR CHALLENGE OF $1,000 NOT ACCEPTED.

Though the Southwark Engine Co. of this city, challenged the Gaspee, of Providence, to a trial, for a stake of $1,000 a side, *no answer has as yet been received from that company.* A Mr. Waterman, the builder of the Niagara, of New Britain, offers to try that engine against the Southwark, for a purse $1,000, but as *Mr. Waterman is not the Niagara Company, why don't he challenge Mr. John Agnew*, the builder of the Southwark. Mr. Agnew would doubtless, be glad of an opportunity to bet his workmanship against that of Mr. Waterman. The *talk* about the Southwark being backward in coming forward is *all talk*, her challenge remains unanswered, and probably will remain so. The Southwark will, doubtless, give the Niagara Company an opportunity of proving the prowess of their engine, if they think proper, in a short time. Arrangements are in progress to that effect.

Boat Race.

Rather an exciting boat race came off on Thursday near the Battery. The prize was a silver cup. The starting point was situated between the Castle Garden and Pier No. 1. The boats started from the Battery, went round a stake boat at the lower end of Bedlow's Island, turned a stake boat at Jersey City, and finally, another stake boat at the Battery. About 20 minutes past 3 o'clock, three boats started—the Regulator, belonging to Mr. Charles Thomas; the John Wiley, to Mr. Wm. Roberts, and the Kinaile Kingsland, to Mr. K. Kingsland. The boats had not much wind at starting, but a little after a good breeze sprung up, and about 7 o'clock they made their appearance again at the Battery, the Regulator winning, and beating the John Wiley by about half a mile, while the Kinaile Kingsland hung pretty close upon the latter.

Yacht Race on Lake Ontario.

Account of the late regatta held here on the 16th ult., for a gold medal.

The wind was blowing in heavy squalls from the northwest and west, and at 1.54 P. M. the signal gun was fired. In consequence of the weather being so unpropitious, only seven started for the

RACE.	H.	M.	S.
Challenge, 1st—Mr. J. Arnold	2	54	25
Foam, 2d—Mr. Samuel Green	3	3	22
Mischief—Mr. C. Heath . .	3	4	
Saucy Jack—Mr. Copeland . .	3	4	46
Kate Hayes—Mr. M. P. Hayes	3	5	12
Emerald—Mr. Jones	3	7	17
Storm Queen—Mr. S. Green .	3	7	55
Witch—Mr. T. J. Robertson .	3	8	12

TIME AT WINNING BUOY.

Challenge	4	28	30
Foam	4	34	10
Storm Queen	4	43	8
Witch	4	43	32
Saucy Jack, Kate Hayes, Mischief } Did not round the buoy.			

The distance was about eighteen miles. The Challenge shot ahead of the other boats on going out of the bay, and won the first race easily. The second was won by the Foam in splendid style.

In the first race the Saucy Jack, Mischief, and Kate Hayes, although ahead of other yachts, did not round the buoy.

The Turf.

Trotting at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Saturday, July 30, 1853.—Purse and Stake of $1,000; two mile heats, to harness.

H. Woodruff's b. m. Flora Temple 1 1
W. Woodruff's r. g. Tacony 2 2

Time—First Heat. The following is the result:

First mile.....2 28¼ | Second mile....2 35¼
Total—5 minutes 4 seconds.

Time—Second Heat:

First mile. .....2 34 | Second mile....2 36½
Total—5 minutes 10 seconds.

This is the best two mile heat to harness ever made over the Saratoga track, beating Jack Rossiter's heat of 5 minutes 4½ seconds over the same course. The odds were $100 to $35 on Flora, and previous to starting became still greater; in fact, they were betting $100 to $20, some few being in the secret that Tacony could not trot over this track on account of it being too heavy and sandy for him, it not suiting his tong stride. On the other hand, Flora could trot on it as good as any other track accordingly, because of her quick and light way of stepping. There was quite a large number of spectators present.

First Heat—They went side by side to the quarter pole in 37 seconds. Flora led to the half mile in 1 min. 14 sec. No variation occurred around the lower turn and up the home stretch. Flora came over the score the first mile in 2 min. 28¼ sec. Tacony could not get to her. Flora jogged out, leading Tacony about three lengths in 5 min. 4 sec.

Second Heat—The race was all but over. They came up for the word, and Flora beat him to the quarter in 38 sec., and to the half in 1 min. 16 sec. She also led over the score the first mile in 2 min. 34 sec. Flora had it all her own way, beating Tacony the second mile and heat by six lengths in 5 min. 10½ sec.

CENTREVILLE COURSE, L. I.

THURSDAY, July 21, 1853.—Match for $500, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

E. J. Nodine's b. g. Centreville 1 2 1 2 1
W. King's bl. g. Black Douglas 2 1 2 1 2

Time, 2:34—2:32—2:35—2:35—2:32

UNION COURSE, L. I.

WEDNESDAY, July 20, 1853—Match for $2.000, Two mile heats, in harness.

R. Ten Broeck's ch. g. 1 1
J. Hall's ro. g. John May 2 2
Time, 5:41—6:07

PACING AT DETROIT, MICH.

THURSDAY, July 21, 1853.—Pacing Match for $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

B. g. Cowdriver (harness) 2 2 1 1 1
Gr. m. Nelly (under the saddle) 1 1 2 2 2

Time, 2:42—2:48—2:38—2:36---2:41

Death of Kemble Jackson.—We regret to be obliged to announce the death of this celebrated trotting stallion, which occurred on Sunday, 24th ult., as we are informed. He died from a rupture. He is a great loss to breeders and the turf. At the time of his death he was probably the most valuable stallion in the country; probably $10,000 would not have bought him.

Racing in Pennsylvania.—Challenge.

DIANA AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

Reading, Penn., July 21, 1853.

Yesterday was a great day in Reading. We all assembled to witness a trial of speed between the great Diana (the Reading pet) and Joe Gales. The race was a single dash of a mile, and such an in-gathering of the people was never before seen in old Reading. From morning until the race came off it was a continual string of human beings, all anxious to plank their tin on the old mare, the winner of thirty-two races in succession. As for Joe, there was but little known, only that he was brought from Ohio for the express purpose of "laying out" the knowing party. The betting was rather limited, the mare's friends outnumbering the horse's all "to smash." But when the horses were brought out and shed off for the race, it was evident to all judges the horse was in too high flesh.

Thursday, July 21, 1853.—Match for $500 aside, one mile, carrying 122 lbs.

Isaac Enis's br. m. *Diana*, . . . 1
Mr. Fox's ro. h. *Joe Gales*, . . 2

Time slow. Won by 15 feet.

The race was a hard one, on account of the unevenness of the track, and also being heavy from the recent trains, consequently slow.

A correspondent says:—"Now, sir, I am disposed to give Diana a race. I think she has worn the skates long enough. Intending my offers to be liberal, I will make either or all of the following races:—$500 or $1,000 each, 440 yards, carrying 122 lbs.; 500 yards, carrying 100 lbs.; or 600 yards, carrying catches. If these races will suit Mr. Enis, or any of Diana's numerous friends, they will please address me through the Philadelphia P. O.

With due consideration, I am yours, &c.

G. W. BROWN.

QUOITING.

Annual Match between the Montreal Union and Caledonian Clubs.

The Caledonian Club, nothing daunted by their defeat last year, which they might have expected from their more experienced rivals, accepted the challenge of the Union recently given them for ten players a side. The match came off on neutral ground, in GUILBAULT'S Gardens on Friday afternoon. The match was keen, and the play good on both sides, but, as will be seen by the score below, the Unions must again have made the best play:

	Unions.	Caledonia.
On Rink No. 1	26	31
On Rink No. 2	31	4
On Rink No. 3	31	16
On Rink No. 4	31	16
On Rink No. 5	31	29
Total	150	96

Majority in favour of the Union 54.

The ground was all that could be wished, and the usual good feeling was maintained between the two Clubs throughout the game. The vanquished left the field determined "never to give it up so," but to "try again some other day."—*Gazette, 25th ult.*

CRICKET.

Canada *vs.* The United States.

In a former number we mentioned that the first game of the home and home match between all Canada and the United States had been definitely fixed to come off, weather permitting, on the 24th and 25th of this month.

We take the present occasion to call the attention of every lover of cricket throughout the Union to the fact that on this occasion there will be a stronger muster of *the fancy* than has ever at any one time taken place upon this continent, more good players collected, more science and skill exhibited, and we hope more countenance and interest in this manly and healthy amusement shown by the community than usual.

The period appointed is rather earlier than was at first expected, but as our Canadian friends find it more convenient and have themselves named the day, we hope and trust we shall still be prepared to give them a hearty welcome——and a handsome drubbing.

In order, however, to do this, we must avail ourselves of all the talent procurable, and though we can muster a fair Eleven out of the clubs of this City, when the members are all on hand, it is desirable to enlist the services of any and every better player wherever he may reside, for we are assured the enemy will bring down a "tearing team," and are now practising, full blast, among all their clubs, with the assistance of a catapult in Toronto, to be prepared against the speed of our fast ones. In furtherance, therefore, of this object, it is proposed by the committee that a catch match among ourselves shall be played on the ground at the Red House on the 8th August, for the purpose of testing the style of the players and the practice they are in, preparatory to the selection of the Eleven; and on this occasion, we shall be pleased if any club in the neighboring cities, having a crack player or two among them, see fit to send them on to participate in the game here mentioned, so as to enable the committee to request their subsequent assistance in the Canada match, should they deem it desirable.

It is not at all unlikely that we may have a sprinkling of English amateurs over here about the time of the Canada match, attracted by the Crystal Palace exhibition, and possibly the knowledge of a good cricket match going on amongst "the barbarians" might prove an additional make-weight—if such should prove to be the case, we might have a chance of Greek meeting Greek once more, as of yore at Bunker Hill, and possibly with a like result.

A Novelty in Hurdle-Racing.—We see advertised in the Louisville papers, a hurdle-race to come off on the 4th of October next, for a gold medal, entrance $10. After giving conditions, etc., the advertiser says: "As the daughters of Kentucky especially are famous for their equestrian elegance and proficiency, they are respectfully invited to enter the list of competitors for this prize; the gentlemen assuring them of no favors on account of sex, in the grand melee, by fair competition. Ladies from abroad are also invited to participate in the contest.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AUGUST 6, 1853.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor. | FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

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THE SKIPPER'S CABIN.

A TALK WITH OUR FRIENDS—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

New York as it was.

In looking over some old works, we have been much amused at the accounts of the great city of New York in olden times. Truly, time works wonders. Who can imagine what the Empire City will be in 1900? What will its inhabitants number? Who can tell? The following description of New York is taken from an old work called "*Ogilby's America*," published in London, in 1671:

"It is placed upon the neck of the Island Manhatans looking towards the sea, encompass'd with Hudson's River, which is six miles broad, the town is compact and oval, with very fair streets and several good Houses; the rest are built much after the manner of Holland, to the number of about four hundred Houses, which in those parts are held considerable: Upon one side of the Town is James-Fort, capable to lodge three hundred souldiers and Officers; it hath four bastions, forty Pieces of Cannon mounted; the Walls of Stone, lined with a thick Rampart of Earth, well accommodated with a spring of Fresh Water, always furnish'd with Arms and Ammunition against Accidents: Distant from the Sea seven Leagues, it affords a safe entrance, even to unskilful Pilots; under the Town side, ships of any burthen may ride secure against any Storms; the Current of the River being broken by the interposition of a small Island, which lies a mile distant from the Town.

"About ten Miles from New York is a place call'd Hell Gate, which being a narrow passage, there runneth a violent Stream both upon Flood and Ebb; and in the middle lie some Rocky Islands, which the Current sets so violently upon, that it threatens present Shipwrack; and upon the Flood is a large Whirlwind, which continually sends forth a hideous roaring; enough to affright any Stranger from passing farther; and to wait for some Charon to coduct him through; yet to those who are acquainted little or no danger: It is a place of great Defence against any Ennemy coming in that way, which a small Fortification would absolutely prevent, and necessitate them to come in at the West End of Long Island by Sandy Hook, where Statten Island forces them within the Command of the Fort at New York, which is one of the best Pieces of Defence in the North parts of America. It is built most of Brick and Stone and cover'd with Red and Black Tyle, and the Land being high, it gives at a distance a most pleasing prospect to the Spectators. The inhabitants consist most of English and Dutch, and have a considerable trade with Indians for Beaver, Otter and Rackoon Skins with other Furrs; or also for Bear, Deer, and Elke-Skins; and are supply'd with Venison and Fowl in the winter, and Fish in the Summer by the Indians, which they buy at a easie Rate; and having the Country round about them, and are continually furnish'd with all such provisions as are needful for the Life of Man, not onely by the English and Dutch within their own, but likewise by the adjacent Colonies.

"The Manhattans, or Great River being the chiefest, having with two wide Mouths wash'd the mighty Island Watonwacks, falls into the Ocean. The Southern Mouth is call'd Port May, or Godyns Bay. In the middle thereof lies an Island call'd 'The States Island;' and a little higher the Manhattans, so call'd from the Natives which on the East side of the River dwell on the Main Continent. They are a cruel people, and enemies to the Hollanders, as also of the Sarhians, which reside on the Western Shore. Farther up are the Mackwaes and Mahikans which continually War, one against another. In like manner all the Inhabitants on the West Side of the River Manhattan, are commonly at enmity with those that possess the Eastern Shore; who also us'd to be at variance with the Hollanders, when as the other People at the Westward kept good correspondency with them. On a small Island near the Shore of the Mackwaes, lay formerly a Fort, provided with two Drakes and eleven Stone Guns, yet was at last deserted."

* * * * * *

The Little Nigger Gal.—Those poetical tributes to the memory of deceased friends, are becoming so fashionable, that in some cities almost every funeral notice has a verse of poetry attached, and strangly enough must all of them begin as follows:

"I had a little Jonny (or Tommy, or Susy, or whatever name is applicable) once,
He was his mother's pride;
She loved him, ah! perhaps too well,
For soon he slept and "died."

A friend of ours sends us the following little bit of poetry, which we strongly suspect is a take off upon the poetry above alluded to:

We had a little nigger once,
She was the boss's pride,
He lov'd her, ah! perhaps too well,
But soon she stole and lied.

A beating sore, long time she bore,
But, ah! it did no good,
We walked with her, and talked with her,
But 'twasn't understood.

At last we placed her in the Tomb,
For lawyer's plead in vain;
But when she came from out the gloom
That nigger stole again.

* * * * * *

Just so.—An Englishman, a writer for the Tribune, has been amusing himself in defaming the character of the poor. His arguments are like the empty boxes that obstruct the sidewalks down town—they are very annoying, although there is *nothing in them!*

* * * * * *

One of those lover-letters.—We think the following loving document is the perfection of letter writing. The writer was so absorbed in his subject that he forgot to sign his name:

Brownsville May 27th A D 1853.

Dear miss I seat my Self with great pleasure to inform you that I am enjoying good health at present hoping that theas few lines may find you in the same state of health at present my love to you is still increasing Daily I hope yours is tow to me the same I heard that Mr. Thornbery he is sitting up with you of nights I am A going to run Against him and that very soon Dear friend my love to you his no end it almost broke my heart at the present time i pased you in the road at Last sunday evening it was my Wish to escort you home I wish I could of been home when you came by to a galant you home I would have done it with great pleasure I hope the time will come yet when I can do so

No time on the blossome no lark in the sky
Shall be as happy as you and I
Your witty you are pretty you are single
What a pitty you are
Single my my sake what a happy couple we would make
my pen is bad my ink is pale
my love to you will never fail
no more at present but remaining
your sincere friend untill death
shall part us
I wish you to answer this as soon as you can make it convenient

* * * * * *

Cheering.—An increase of 2,000 copies per week since the enlargement of the Clipper, is a gratifiying evidence of the popularity of our paper. Our previous *losses* are beginning to return to us *a-gain!*

* * * * * *

School Questions.—Teacher—what does a cow give us?

Boy—Nothing.

Teacher—Well, now, what does the milkman give us?

Boy—He gives us nothing; we buy it.

Teacher—What do you buy from him?

Boy—Milk and water.

Teacher—School out until the dog days are over, when every dog of you must be here again.

* * * * * *

No end to the poets.—In the upper part of the city, may be seen the following notice posted on a shop. Wonder who *invented* the poetry? Here it is:

Oisters for sale here,
Alsow Root Beer.

* * * * * *

Rather too strong.—We have received a communication from a correspondent who wishes to know our opinion in relation to the Custom House appointments. We can only say that we are kept so busy it is utterly impossible for us to inquire into such things at present. Our political ideas, like some gentlemen lately in the Custom House, have made room for others.

Funny Fan Department.—No. 2.

"*I wish I was a boy again.*"

What do you wish that for? *That* wouldn't do *you* any good, or me either. No, no; never mind such wishes as that, I'll be bound you're bad enough now, without wishing for the teasing, the worrying and the tormenting days of boyhood. What would you do now, say? I'll bet you a bran-new hat—one of Rafferty and Leask's, that you would'nt know what to begin at first. Would you like your mother to catch you at the sugar-bowl, and to *turn you up* and give you a round dozen on the *bare back*? Wouldn't like *that* again, *would* you? Or would you like to take little Lizzy Jones to the ball, as you *did once*, and after you had spent all your money in buying refreshments for her, to hear her tell *you* that she had told Jemmy Green he *might go home with her!* And then when yon asked Jemmy next day what he meant by it, to hear him tell you "*he jist done it for greens.*" Would'nt like to try *that* over again, I reckon. It isn't no use in people saying, "I wish I was a boy again." They don't wish any such thing. It's all in my eye.

I wouldn't like *my* husband to be a boy again, I *know*. I've got him *fast* now, but if he was a boy again he'd be running about from *one thing to another*, and——what would I do? He's always at home now, except two or three nights a week, *when he goes to the Lodge;* but I don't mind that, for I know he's in good company *then*, even if *he does stay out late.* That's what *I* think about people wishing they were boys again.

Effects of the Liquor Law.

A man was tried in Boston for violating the Liquor Law, and a witness stated that the prosecutor's character might be good enough for common affairs, *but on a fox hunt he was the alfiredest liar he ever did see!*

A Chance for fast Schooners.

In another part of the Clipper will be found the particulars of the recent schooner race for $500. It will be seen that the friends of the Woods offer to sail their vessel against any other schooner for any sum under $10,000.

The Fall Trade.

From present appearances the fall trade promises to set in rather earlier than usual, and in consequence thereof tradesmen are busily preparing their supplies for the heavy business which will be done the ensuing season. Mssrs. Rafferty & Leask, hatters, of No. 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl, in anticipation of the great influx to our population during the fall, have supplied their stores with an extensive and desirable stock of the most beautiful and durable hats to be found in this city. The retail branch of their business has suffered no diminution this summer compared to other stores, but that is doubtless owing to the fact that they are the only hatters who can insert daguerreotype likenesses in the hats of their customers, a patent having been applied for by them, which gives them the benefit of this invention exclusively. Those about purchasing should call at the stores of Rafferty & Leask, where they will meet with prompt attention and punctuality.

The Family Guardian.

R. Radway, of 162 Fulton-street, is the publisher of the above paper. It is gratuitously circulated, and is read by all classes of the community. Though apparently an advertising medium, the Guardian contains many items of reading matter, full of sound sense, and entertaining to every reader.

AMUSEMENTS.

Bowery Theatre.

There's a screw loose somewhere about this establishment, several of the best members of the company having left, and others, we understand, are preparing to follow. The reason of this is, we believe, owing to the *reduction of salaries*, a small item of no less than *one-third* of each actress and actor's salary being recently cut off. Those who could afford it, gave up their situations rather than submit to this *rather heavy* deduction; while others, who saw no better prospect for the present, quietly relinquished all claim to the *last third* of their salaries, and *faced the music* for a *time*. What has caused this sudden fit of economy in the Bowery management, we are unable to learn, but suppose the unsettled state of affairs since the death of Mr. T. Hamblin may have so reduced the funds in the treasury as to render it absolutely necessary to curtail expenses, or close the establishment for the present. Who knows?

The National.

The Tribune articles on the "Plebeian Theatres" have had the effect of *squeezing* an advertisement out of the National management, and now the "clergy and the church members" can read in the Tribune the doings at the moral and religious National theatre. Bargain and sale. The Tribune promises to "stop that knocking at the door," and the theatre will hereafter "come down" and "let them in." Nice work for reformers, isn't it? Since our notice last week, the advertisement that no "disorderly person will be allowed in the theatre during the performance of Uncle Tom," has been withdrawn from the papers. It was time. The gag was too transparent. It wouldn't go down without carrying the theatre with it.

The St. Charles.

This pretty little theatre opened on Monday evening last, under the management of Mr. Charles Thorn. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large and respectable audience assembled to greet the efforts of the manager in his present undertaking. Of the company we shall take occasion to speak in our next.

Niblo's.

The audiences have not been so large this week as they were the previous one. This is owing, doubtless, to the disagreeable state of the weather.

Wood's Minstrels,

Mr. Wood, determined to keep up his reputation of having the best company of minstrels in New York, has added two more talented performers to his already large company. Newcombe is becoming more of a favorite every time he appears; and our friend, "Ephraim," who uses table cloths for pocket handkerchiefs, is still a "Horn of plenty" of mirth and jollity. Notwithstanding the warm weather, 444 Broadway is nightly filled with respectable audiences. True talent will always be appreciated.

The Hippodrome.

A branch of the Hippodrome was to have given a performance at Norristown, last week, but after receiving the admittance charge of a large number of persons, the gas lights from some *unaccountable cause* were put out, and in addition to this, a storm coming on, the audience were treated to a copious shower bath. This was all they received for their money. We rather guess that Hippodrome company wont venture in that vicinity again.

New Opera House in Philadelphia.

Mr. Sanford, of the celebrated New Orleans Ethiopian Opera Company, has just had completed a beautiful Opera House in Philadelphia. His company gave their first performance on Monday evening last. Among the company we find the names of the most talented musicians of this city as well as of Philadelphia. Mr. Collins, the beautiful ballad singer, who became such a favorite in this city a few years since is attached to the company.

GRAND DINNER
TO THE
NEW YORK PRESS.
Opening of a New Porter House,
IN BROADWAY.

GREAT ENTHUSIASM—GOOD SPEECHES—UNPARALLELED FEED.

A new porter house in Broadway has been in course of erection for some time past, of which Captain Tom Brown, formerly of the tow-boat *Stag*, is the very worthy and intelligent proprietor. The building has just been completed, and the Captain wishing to get some *first rate notices* from the press, gave that much-courted and *independent* body of gentlemen, a nice dinner, cooked on purpose for them.

Five o'clock was the hour named for the dinner, but *long before that time* the dining room was thronged with eager and anxious expectants. At length the tables were filled with rich and choice dishes of almost every article in season. The following is a copy of the bill of fare, as furnished each member of the press by the worthy host, Tom Brown formerly of the tow-boat *Stag*:

OPENING OF THE TAPSCOTT HOUSE,
DINNER TO THE NEW YORK PRESS,
In Consideration of Certain Services to be Rendered.

BILL OF FARE.

First Course—SOUPS.

	cts.
Bean soup	6¼
Oyster "	6¼
Clam "	6¼
Pea "	6¼
&c. &c. &c.	

Second Course.—BAKED DISHES.

Baked beans, *a la Bowerié*	6¼
Baked apples, *de la Jersié*	5
Baked peas, *pour le enfant*	5
&c. &c. &c.	

Third Course.—FISH,

Porgies, *non de Ios*	4
Codfish, *lobster sass*	6¼
Sheep's head, *vermicelli sass*	6¼
Soft clams, *ecce signum*	6¼

Fourth Course.—ROAST.

La petite pig	10
Rump de la boeuf	8
Venesseone a la *Reindeer*	12½

DESERT.

Plum, *both*,	6¼
Tapioca, *hard*	6¼
Huckleberry dumpling	6¼
Rice, *hard*	6¼
Cup Custard, *wine sass*	6¼

Fruits.— *Nuts to Crack.*—Reasons—*why they should be cracked.*
&c. &c. &c.

With such a dinner, it is no wonder the press were eager to commence hostilities, which they did at 6 o'clock precisely, and at 10 o'clock every thing in the eating line was finished, and then commenced the flow of wit and merriment. The cider and pop bottles kept up a regular fire, and as the liquor began to *work*, the *intelligence of the press* began to work. The following is as correct a report as we were able to gather, *considering all things.*

The editor of "*Old Morality*" was called to the chair, and did his part well, notwithstanding his *opposition to porter houses* generally. After the removal of the table cloths, the President read the following toast from a Boston Advertiser:

New York Editors and New York Porter Houses.—The *independence* of the one is only eclipsed by the *liberality* of the other. *Drunk all standing.* Music.—Here's to you, *Tom Brown.*

Mr. Oats, editor of Adams' New York Boston and New Orleans Express, replied, by saying that he appeared as the representative of three presses, viz., Adams' Ex-press, Livingstone and Well's Express, and Harnden's Express, to all of which he had the honor to belong. I can say nothing more appropriate than that Captain Tom Brown, formerly of the *Stag*, our worthy host, is at the head of the table here, as he was in his tow-boat on the water. He has given us what he considers a good dinner, and his liberality in bringing together, at *such short notice*, so many members of the press, *a feat never before attempted in modern times*, shows that he understands the *cravings of human nature*, and feels that his efforts to please the press will meet with a *hearty response in the papers of those present.* Mr. Oats concluded by giving—

Captain Tom Brown, our worthy host! Drank in connection with several *cheers* and a "*tiger.*"

Captain Tom Brown returned thanks in a *modest* way, and expressed his sincere pleasure that he had been *successful in feeding the press* so sumptuously, and concluded by moving that the *proceedings be published.*

Johnny Broome proposed a toast which the worthy host's *modesty* had caused him to forget. It was—

The Press of New York.

This toast was responded to by Park Godin, of a Post in Wall street. He said the press of New York ever has been, and always will continue the *beautiful structure it is.* Independent, incorruptible and undefiled, it stands the embodiment of all that is grand, *overpowering*, and sublime! What, I have been asked, can surpass the press of New York! I answer, unhesitatingly, fearlessly and boldly, that the *dinner* given us this evening, by our worthy host, Captain Tom Brown, is the only parallel to the mysterious workings of the noble institution of the New York press. Was it not proclaimed to the world, only a few days since, that not a dollar of *blackmail* had been attempted to be levied by the New York press! It *surprised me*, and I believe it surprised *the entire New York press to hear this unexpected fact* promulgated to the two halves of the whole world. The dinner you have just partaken of is the counterpart of the press; and the French dishes you have eaten this evening, are only to be compared to the *French sometimes used by the press.* I have done. Mr. Go-in concluded by giving the *dram-a.*

Drank with applause.

Jonny Broome responded. He said—This, gentlemen, is something entirely new to me—you all know *I never made a speech*—I carnt make a speech—*it aint in my line*, and if it was not for the respect I have for my worthy friend, Captain Tom Brown, I would not have been here this evening. What right have I here at all?—I am no longer a member of the New York Press—

"My *light* once shone,
Now *dimmed* and gone"—

entirely out, I should have said, but the poet ended his line as I have quoted, and it is a rule for printers to *follow copy if it goes out the window*, (more lafture) but my Lantern *not being a copy*, (great merriment) but an original idea, I carnt be expected to leave this goodly company and *go out* too (increased lafture). My worthy friend who holds up the Post said the press had levied no *blackmail*—but he was entirely wrong. The dinner you have assisted to eat, and the thoughts of which will haunt you all for many a day, proves that our usually correct *Posted* friend, was in error in that respect.

Not only *black males*, but *black females* have been sought after by the press this evening, and you have succeeded, with their assistance, in *disembowelling* and *dismembering* big-hearted *Turkey.* (Roars of lafture.) I saw you all *Rush-in* with *steel* in hand (and, for aught I know, with *steal* in pocket, for I have just discovered that my *pocket-book is gone*) (lafture which continued ten minutes) and cry aloud that *Hungry* still was *hungry*, but should be so no more. This, gentlemen, is all I have to say in reply to the toast to the *dram-a.* Saying which the speaker took a little *cider*, and sat down amid waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and a tumult of vociferous cheering perfectly deafening.

The small hours of *that evening* having arrived *that morning*, the company broke up, after Mr. Oats had commenced a speech in which he intended to offer a toast in honor of Captain Tom Brown's wife, our future worthy hostess of the Tapscott House, in Broadway, at which this admirable dinner was served up. Our friend, Dick Marshall, of Nassau, was the *architect* of the dinner, and it reflects honor to him for his understanding.

Mrs. Skerrett's Benefit.

The benefit of this estimable lady, which took place on Thursday evening of last week, was in every sense of the word a failure, a complete failure. Why was this? The reasons are obvious. Mr. Skerrett, who is a theatrical agent, imagined he could give publicity enough to the contemplated benefit without incurring any great amount of expense in *advertising.* In this he was deceived. His taking Castle Garden was another mistake, without he could have brought to his aid an extraordinary amount of musical and dramatic talent; this he did not do. His depending upon the services of volunteers was altogether placing too much confidence in the generosity of the profession, who are not always "well up in their parts" on gratuitous occasions, and in many instances, (the benefit of Mrs. Skerrett proving no exception) feign *indisposition*, at the last minute, for not appearing according to promise. We trust the experience of Mr. Skerrett will prove a lesson to him for the future. Should he again essay the management of a benefit for his lady, let him discard all notions of economy; advertise freely in the daily and Sunday papers; engage and *pay for* the best talent to be found, present such a bill of attraction as cannot fail to please all classes, and he will have no cause to repent of his liberality. We are very sorry to learn, that instead of the benefit being a *real* benefit, Mr. Skerrett incurred a loss of about $150. We should be pleased to see the friends of Mrs. Skerrett tender her a *real complimentary benefit*, one that would "put money in her purse." She deserves it.

The Arabia and Pacific.

A large amount of money has been wagered on the passages of the steamers Pacific and Arabia, now on their way to England. Both are fine vessels, but we think, as the Arabia was built to outsail our vessels, the odds are certainly in her favor; for it is a well-known fact that her engines are much larger in proportion to the size of the vessel than those of the Pacific, and the latter carries in addition a greater amount of freight. *But we shall see what we shall see.* Mind that.

"Pop goes the Weasel."

This will be the cry among the Bowery boys for the next six months to come. Wonder what it's all about, and wonder why the weasel got popped.

Young Folks from Home.

Young folks from home,
How gaily speed de hours
When roving wid our lubly Belles,
We heed not sun or showers;
We stroll among de cotton plant,
Sometimes mid fields ob hay;
And tell dese maids our tales ob lub,
To which dey don't say nay.

Chorus:—Young folks from home,
Happy pass dis day,
Let's cast aside de cares ob life,
And make it one ob play.

Young folks from home,
How happy dey all seem,
Wid all dey lub on earf around,
Looks bright as am a dream;
Dere's Phebe Lee an' Pompey Brown,
Wid Cic'ly and her Brudder;
Dere's Nelly May and Gabriel Clay,
Dere's Chloe and anudder.

Young folks from home,
De pic nic's nearly started;
De old folks at home (I fear)
Will feel near broken hearted.
Dere's Cuffy and his beauful Jule,
De beaus all try to please her;
Dese charming maids look sad and glum,
Till dey spy out Brudder Caesar.

Young folks from home,
When dis day's sport am ober,
We'll work again at hoeing corn,
At night we'll sleep in clober;
I spec's we'll soon see most ob us
To church g'long in pairs,
An' from dat time lib free from muss,
An' gib up single cares,
Young folks from home, &c.

A Temperance Man.

That advocate of the Maine Liquor Law, the New York Tribune, contained the following paragraph on Monday last:

A MAINE LAW ARGUMENT.—We witnessed a most distressing sight yesterday. Coming down Broadway just at sundown, we noticed approaching with the throng which crowds the walk at that hour, a well-dressed female, apparently seventy-five years of age, with that peculiar appearance only seen among those who oppose the Maine Law as oppressive and curtailing the liberties of the people—liberty to get drunk and disgrace themselves on Sunday.

Just as we were passing that new and splendid eating and drinking house lately opened by Mr. Taylor on the corner of Franklin street, the old lady reached the opposite corner, and made several attempts to cross the gutter. None of the scores of passing gentlemen offered to lend her a hand, for she was no longer young and pretty; she was ugly, old, and, we must say it—drunk. She looked up imploringly, extended her arms to act as a balance, put forward a foot, and down she went in the gutter—fortunately lately washed by copious rains. She was picked up, and assisted to a seat on a door step, where we left a crowd of men, women and children gazing at this monument of the sundry grog-shop benefits and beauties of a law which furnishes them gratuitously with such (not) raree shows as this.

What do our readers think of the writer's temperance principles? He who professes to have the well-being of his fellow-creatures at heart stood calmly by while a helpless old woman, *seventy-five years of age*, silently implored the assistance of some one of the lookers-on to enable her to cross the street. The Tribune man observed the sight, yet offered not his aid; he preferred seeing her wallow in the gutter. If this is the way temperance folks *act*, we have not much faith in them. A little assistance, at that time, and a few kind words, might have been instrumental in bringing that old woman to see the error of her ways, and enabled her to pass her few remaining days in peace and happiness. We should not be surprised if the *Tribune* theatrical reformer (?) wrote the article. It's just like him.

"Thackeray's Women."

The Knickerbocker Magazine for August has an article headed, "Thackeray's Women." It's rather a curious question for us to ask, but if it is not considered impertinent, we would like to know *how many women he had.*

Rules of the Ring.

Read the article in this week's Clipper on the rules of the ring.

Where is he?

What has become of the chap that "does up" the theatrical criticisms for the Tribune?

The Monster Jullien.

Look out for the puffs in the different papers about Jullien. The incidents of his life are gotten up to order for the purpose of gulling the American people. We have had enough of foreign musicians—we should endeavour to encourage American talent.

State of the Odds.

By referring to another column, it will be seen that a gentleman of Brooklyn offers to bet $5000 to $3000 that Sullivan will be defeated by Morrissy inside of 30 rounds. Who takes?

The Mustang Bulletin.

This is the title of a neat little monthly paper, devoted to the promulgation of the benefits to be derived from the use of that popular medicine, the Mexican Mustang Liniment. Interesting reading matter also forms a portion of the contents of the Bulletin. A. G. Bragg & Co., of 304 Broadway, are the publishers.

Bull-Fight in France.—A bull-fight in the Spanish fashion was given on a recent Sunday, in the arena of Nimes. Nearly 25,000 persons were present; a large portion of them having come from Marseilles and the neighboring towns and villages. Four young bulls of the Camargue were successively tormented, until they attacked the *torreadores*, and there they were, with more or less difficulty, slain, and their bodies were dragged in triumph round the arena. The general impression produced on the spectators was a painful one, and the authorities have given order that no more bulls shall be killed in the arena.

A Great Sportsman.

The writer of the "Up River" letters, in the Knickerbocker Magazine, is down on the way in which our Fourth of July is celebrated. He says:

"Gunpowder will lose all self-respect if it is in the hands of every body. It ought to be confined strictly in magazines, and let out by safety valves through the muskets of *true sportsmen*, or of authorized artillerymen, only as need may require, and according to strict license."

Notwithstanding the opinion so boldly expressed, the writer of the above was actually engaged for several hours on the eve of the "Fourth," in a fruitless endeavor to *shoot a playful little kitten, which he mistook for a pole-cat.* He's *one* of the *true sportsmen*, he is.

OUR IRISH LETTER—M'Fudd.

New York, August the furst.

Dere Muther,

Fur a pursun that is tired ov livin, I wud advise him to cum here, an fesh he'll mete wid evry kind ov a deth that sutes him. If he wauks on the outskurts, where the atmospheer is pure, a blaggard ov a lopher will tap him on the skull wid a bit of led stuck on the end ov a bit ov rope. If he takes a ride on a rale-rode, the lokey-motive will run away wid him, an aither bump up agin annudder cousin right forninst it, or ilse tumbel him into the river frum a dhrawbridg.

If that kind ov a deth doant plaze him, let him take a sail in a sailboat, an fesh the *sail's* the very thing will upset him into the wather, whun, if he thinks proper, he kan go rite to the bottom, and take up loggins wid the fishes.

Or if he doant like that, let him go up the river in a stameboat, an he'll aither be blown up straight to Heaven, or the bowsprit ov a skuner will inthroduce itself into his berth, widout saying by yure lave, an bust his branes in fur him.

If all these doant do, then let him take a hand in the bull races we have here occashunally. If he shud be on the horn of a dilemma, what wan iv the udder deths to choose, let him get on the horns iv a bull, an begarra he'll niver no what it wus that hurted him.

We had a bull race here lately, an if it hadent been fur me, be me sowl the City Hall an all the Aldhermin in it mite hav been copsized. I was sittin up on the flure ov the Park, bitin me nails, whin what does I see but a big bull heffer rushin thrue the gate, an a crowd after him shoutin like maneyakes. I had enouf to do to get out ov the way frum him, fur pon me conshins I dident much like his lucks.

Well, there wur lots ov peeple and policemen a tryin to katch him, but devil a wan cud make it out as the bull wus too much fur thim. So after lettin thim do thare most, I thot I wud let thim see what a greenhorn ov an Irishman cud do. Get me a rope quick! sez I to a star, an *I'll* katch him fur ye; shut up, ye Grake, ses he, what cud the likes av you do. Get me a rope, sez I agin. Get him a rope shout all, and we'll see what Pat kan do. As sure as I got the rope, i giv it a toss over me sholder, caut the bull by the horns, an the baste lay at me feet as quiet as a lamb.

Maybe it wusent then they cheered me, and tuk an carryd me on thare sholders up to the Sullivan House, whare I wus trated, an trated till I wus blind drunk, an carryd to me bed at the Widdy's, whare I havent waked up yet, but am dramin ov yu and Peggy

Yures, fast aslape,
SHAMUS.

Capital Punishment.

William Shaw was an upholsterer at Edinburgh in the year 1821. He had a daughter, Catherine Shaw, who lived with him. She encouraged the addresses of John Lawson, a jeweller, to whom William Shaw declared the most insuperable objections, alleging him to be a profligate young man, addicted to every kind of dissipation. He was forbidden the house, but the daughter continuing to see him clandestinely, the father, on the discovery, kept her strictly confined.

William Shaw had for some time pressed his daughter to receive the addresses of a son of Alexander Robinson, a friend and neighbor; and one evening, being very urgent with her thereon, she peremptorily refused, declaring she preferred death to being young Robertson's wife. The father grew enraged, and the daughter more positive, so that the most passionate expressions arose on both sides, and the words, *barbarity, cruelty* and *death* were frequently pronounced by the daughter. At length he left her, locking the door after him.

The greater part of the buildings at Edinburgh are formed on the plan of the chambers in our inns of court, so that many families inhabit rooms on the same floor, having all one common staircase. William Shaw dwelt in one of these, and a single partition only divided his apartment from that of John Morrisson, a watch-case maker. This man had distinctly overheard the conversation and quarrel between Catherine Shaw and her father, but was particularly struck with the repetition of the above words, she having pronounced them loud and emphatically. For some little time after the father was gone out all was silent, but presently Morrison heard several groans from the daughter. Alarmed, he ran to some of the neigbors under the same roof; these entering Morrison's room, and listening attententively, not only heard the groans, but distinctly heard Catherine Shaw two or three times faintly exclaim, "Cruel father, thou art the cause of my death." Struck with this, they flew to the door of Shaw's apartment; they knocked—no answer was given. The knocking was still repeated—still no answer. Suspicions had before arisen against the father; they were now confirmed. A constable was procured, an entrance forced; Catherine was found weltering in her blood, and the fatal knife by her side. She was alive, but speechless; but on questioning her as to owing her death to her father, was just able to make a motion with her head, apparently in the affirmative, and expired.

Just at the critical moment, William Shaw returns and enters the room; all eyes are on him. He sees his neighbors and a constable in his apartment, and seems much disordered thereat; but at the sight of his daughter, he turns pale, trembles, and is ready to sink. The first surprise and the succeeding horror leave little doubt of his guilt in the breasts of the beholders; and even that little is done away on the constable discovering that the shirt of William Shaw is bloody.

He was instantly hurried before a magistrate, and upon the depositions of all the parties committed to prison on suspicion. He was shortly after brought to trial, when in defence he acknowledged the having confined his daughter to prevent her intercourse with Lawson; that he had frequently insisted on her marrying Robertson, and that he had quarrelled with her on the subject the evening she was found murdered, as the witness Morrison had deposed; but he averred that he left his daughter unharmed and untouched, and that the blood found upon his shirt was there in consequeuce of his having bled himself some days before, and the bandage becoming untied. These assertions did not weigh a feather with the jury, when opposed to the strong circumstantial evidence of the daughter's expressions of "barbarity, cruelty, death," and of "Cruel father, thou art the cause of my death," together with that apparently affirmative motion with her head, and of the blood so seemingly providential discovered on the father's snirt, On these several concurring circumstances was William Shaw found guilty, and was hanged in chains at Leith Walk, in November, 1721.

Was there a person in Edinburgh who believed the father guiltless? No, not one, notwithstanding his latest words at the gallows were, "I am innocent of my daughter's murder." But in August, 1722, as a man who had become the possessor of the late William Shaw's apartments was rummaging by chance in the chamber where Catherine Shaw died, he accidentally perceived a paper fallen into a cavity on one side of the chimney. It was folded as a letter, which, on opening, contained the following: "Barbarous father, your cruelty in having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to an existence which is become a burthen to me. I doubt not I shall find mercy in another world, for sure no benevolent Being can require that I should any longer live in torment to myself in this. My death I lay to your charge; when you read this, consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy —CATHERINE SHAW."

This letter being shown, the handwriting was recognized and avowed to be Catherine Shaw's by many of her relations and friends. It became the public talk, and the magistracy of Edinburgh, on a scrutiny, being convinced of its authenticity, they ordered the body of William Shaw to be taken from the gibbet, and given to his family for interment; and, as the only reparation to his memory and the honor of his surviving relations, they caused a pair of colors to be waved over his grave in token of his innocence.

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HON. J. J. MIDDLETON, OF WACCAMAW, S. C.—Writes under date of May 2d, 1853. That Radway's Renovating Resolvent cured one of his negroes, on his Plantation at Beaufort, of a Scrofulous complaint, of many years standing. The poor fellow was a disgusting object of pity, he was a moving mass of sores. The other negroes could not remain in the same place with him. None of the Doctors could do anything for him. He was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent, and is now at work upon the plantation. To the people of S. C. Mr. Middleton is well know, and to the political world, Mr. Middleton is no stranger.
SCROFULA.
MR. W. B. OLIVER' of Drayton, Dooly Co. Ga., under the date of May 30, 1853—Writes, "that a servant girl who was so reduced that no one would give a trip for her life," she was so covered with sores, that there was not a spot of pure flesh of the size of a silver dollar on her whole body, was entirely cured by Radway's Renovating Resolvent.
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MRS. HENDERSON, of Westford, Mass., has been covered with sores for nineteen years, has been cured by R. R. Resolvent.
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Dizziness, Inflammation of the Stomach,
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Continued from 1st page.

a singular hold, his left arm over the left side of M'Nulty's neck, whose face was of course quite out of his reach; here he made many ineffectual attempts to force him over his hip, neither man having a useful hand for hitting. After an exhausting hug both came down, Massey on his beam ends first.

16. The old one seemed rather tired, and sparred a little. Mac made play with the left, Massey returned with the right, just reached his body, and got down.

17, 18, and 19. Mac first from his corner, made play with the left, but his hand seemed damaged, and Massey met him resolutely. Mac caught Massey on the left eyebrow, and on the cheek, drawing blood, and Massey retorted on his body and mouth. Massey either got down or was partially thrown.

20, 21. Massey seemed determined, win or lose, that the battle should not remain on the balance. He fought ding-dong with both hands, drove M'Nulty back in turn, and the Liverpool lad dropped more cleverly than courageously at the centre stake, the work being exceedingly hot.

22. Massey rushed in upon the "do or die" suit. M'Nulty again got down. (Bravo, old one! The King's Head for ever!)

23. M'Nulty fought well up with his right, but Massey seemed to have laid his account with receiving a crack or two; he would be on. M'Nulty closed with his man, and displayed his strength by lifting him clean from the ground, and throwing him cleverly. (Cheers for M'Nulty.)

24. After an exchange the men got together. Massey did not struggle, but got away from the hold, and faced his man. A short pause. Bellows to mend, and the affair so even that there was no saying much on either side. Massey's friends were confident in his tried courage, but could he last out the young one? M'Nulty was strong, but his left fin was out of repair, and he had not been tested like the other bit of stuff. When a little recovered Mac followed Massey, who retreated for a little, till, seeing his opportunity, he jumped at his man, and hit away, one, two; Mac tried to stem the rush, but was driven back, he hit Massey on the neck, then turned round and dropped by the ropes.

25. A pause. Both men seemed to take a survey. M'Nulty's forwardness was abated, Massey smiled grimly at him and nodded his head. The marks of punishment were pretty equal, M'Nulty was bumped on the forehead, till the hills and valleys looked like one of the newly-invented embossed maps; his lips would have astonished the beauties of the court of "the king of the Cannibal Islands," and his nose, naturally none of the straightest, was of no shape, figure, or form, known to sculptors or painters. Massey had a mysterious, foggy-looking left eye, and sundry contusions on the same side of his face and head. His ear, too, had been visited roughly, and his back and neck were scratched and reddened by contact with the ropes. The pause over, the combatants crept nearer, and after a scrambling hit or two, closed at the ropes, and both were down, Massey first to ground.

26. One hour had elapsed. M'Nulty tried a laugh; Massey nodded at him, and pointed to the ground. A short spar, and they got into a lively rally; Massey fought most resolutely, turned round M'Nulty, and drove him into his (Massey's) corner, where M Nulty fell.

27. Massey overreached himself, and fell.

28. Many calls of "Time." M'Nulty opened the ball. Massey shifted, and laughed; a scrambling rally, and Massey down to avoid a grip.

29. Exchanges in Massey's favor. McNulty shrunk, and retreated; Massey followed, and they closed, but broke away again. Both were down in a second embrace.

30. Massey pursued M'Nulty, who retreated, and drove him through the middle rope, owing to a slip of his heel. Massey, amid cheers, offered him both hands to pull himself up by. Mac's seconds interposed, as their man was on the ground.

31, 32, 33, 34. In all these Massey went ahead. He drove M'Nulty before him by his fearless attacks, and the young one either dropped or slipped down. In the 34th round Massey pursued him into the corner, and catching him on the point of the jaw hit him down. [One hour and a quarter.]

35---37. Of similar character, M'Nulty got down cunning.

38. Mac strove to stop Massey's rush, and did a little better; he jobbed Massey pretty heavily on the head, but gave way; Massey closed with him, and succeeded in screwing him down under his left arm.

39. A tremendous rally. M'Nulty, wild and desperate, tried his right at half-arm upper-cuts; his left did not seem to be effective, as Massey kept his guard well up on going in. There were some sounding exchanges, till M'Nulty again gave way, and was pursued to the ropes, where he dropped to avoid.

40. [One hour and a half.] Slight counter-hits. As before, Mac fell on the retreat.

41 to 50. Very similar in character. Massey pretty generally stopping M'Nulty's rushes with the left, which more resembled pawings than blows, and retaliating with his right. In the scrambling rallies, for neither man was now very steady, Mac administered now and then a polthogue, but he, in almost every instance cut the round at the first good opportunity. [Almost any odds on Massey].

51. M'Nulty shrunk from the assault, and dropped very questionably; an appeal, and the referee warned him against its repetition.

52, 53. Massey followed his man, who made a feeble attempt at stopping him. Massey caught him on the nob heavily, and Mac went on his knees.

54. M'Nulty dropped as soon as Massey let go his hands [another appeal]. The referee thought it might be a slip, and gave him the benefit of the doubt.

55, 56, 57. It was all over. M'Nulty was evidently disinclined to leave his corner, and when he did so merely exchanged as an excuse for getting down. He complained of the state of his left arm.

59, 60. Massey, in the first of these, hit M'Nulty on the head, without any return; in the latter, M'Nulty retreated from the scratch, rapidly to the ropes, where he dropped, without Massey even launching out his hand. The referee declared this to be a violation of the conditions of a "stand-up fight," and at the close of one hour and fifty-three Massey was hailed as victor.

REMARKS.

A brief commentary only is necessary upon this somewhat varied fight. M'Nulty, with height, youth, reach, and quickness in his favor, made fair use of his qualifications in the earlier rounds. His opponent, however, has proved, especially in his fight with Welsh and Noon, that he was not to be conquered in heart by a few successful and skilful showing-off artistic pops, so long as he could now and then pop in one of his pile-driving digs at close quarters, and keep up the game till his adversary should become a little weary, or perhaps daunted at the determined perseverance and vigor of his assault. Thus McNulty, after fifty minutes of what his friends flattered themselves was a good "lead," was "collared" at the very turning point, allowed no respite, and forced in turn to fight at his opponent's will. He was evidently daunted, and upon hurting his left arm in a close, he yielded to the bull dog tenacity of his adversary, and but slightly opposed his rushes. Hence, round after round, instead of meeting and resisting a counter-hit, he retreated and received punishment in the hurried bustle at the ropes ere he went down. Massey, by this victory, has wound up his career triumphantly, while M'Nulty has the consolation of knowing himself defeated by the best light weight of the day.—*Bells Life.*

Ballooning.

Perilous Descent on a Parachute.

A Paris correspondent, under date of July 7, gives the following thrilling account of a balloon ascension by two brothers, and the perilous descent of one of them with a parachute:

"An anxious and terrible half-hour was spent on Sunday by the two GODARDS, the one in his balloon, and the other in his parachute, underneath. Having attained the altitude of a mile, the point where the connection is usually severed, there was discovered to be something wrong about the cordage, and to cut the rope would be to launch the younger brother to certain death. The older brother let out a cubic foot of gas and they began rapidly to descend. They touched ground in the Avenue of the Champs Elysees; and could not have landed more exactly in the middle, had it been marked out for them by the compasses. Five hundred carriages were brought to a halt, and two thousand spectators gathered round the disabled ærostat. It was supposed that the parachute would be detached, and that the balloon would go off again alone; but the parachutist conceived that his honor was at stake, and he decided to disentangle his rigging, and try it again. In twenty minutes they were ready; as they were taking their leave, the æronaut cried out, "I have dropped my knife, toss me a knife somebody." Everybody supposed himself to be the somebody apostrophized; for the air was filled with knives, chucked at the daring navigator. Then they started. The ascent was very slow; and the GODARD underneath narrowly escaped being dragged through the trees. A shower of sand from above, which fell into the ladies' hair, and sprinkled into elegant lap-dogs' eyes, lightened them of a pound or so, and they scaled the skies rapidly. This time, when a mile high, the rope was cut. The balloon was at once lost sight of; the umbrella spread, and the abandoned Titan began his adventurous descent. During the first five minutes, he came gently and vertically earthward; but the car commenced soon to swing like a pendulum; this motion increased till the oscillations became frightful and people hid their faces in their hands. The arcs of a circle described by the car must have been as long as Trinity steeple is high; the umbrella and the car were often horizontal, and at these moments, the edges of the silk would furl under, and seem as if the concavity, which was the only hope of safety, was upon the point of rolling up, and never spreading again. It made me sea-sick to look at it; and I supposed the æronaut to be dead, or to have at least lost his senses. Two hundred yards from ground, he tore off his coat, and threw it over; a wise precaution, for he was hovering over the Seine, and chances were ten to one, that in addition to his other miseries, he would be plunged into the water. A few moments afterwards he fell into the river, and the red silk of the huge umbrella, gathering down and settling over him, entangling him with ropes, and meshes, promised to become his shroud. However, it was evident that he was alive, for there was a mighty splashing in the water, suggestive of a violent effort to extricate himself from the web that surrounded him. A dozen boats, well manned, were aiming at him, and by the time that his head appeared from under the silk, a couple of strong men were there ready to pull him out of his cold bath. The poor fellow's strength was almost exhausted, and he was obliged to refuse the ovation offered him by the crowd. The Inspector of Navigation promised to take care of the parachute, and the escaped adventurer, with neither hat, coat, nor boots, soaked to the skin, and trembling with exhaustion, was driven home in a hack.

I longed to consider that man a hero. He had undergone and suffered more in half an hour than the rest of us undergo and suffer in a year—he was ragged, torn, drenched, bloody. I knew that he was an enthusiast in his profession, and would be glad to educe good from it, if he could. I knew that he was daring, cool, skilful, patient. But I could not find a motive sufficient to excuse and justify such exposure and personal risk. The Hippodrome had paid him five hundred francs for the descent, and next Sunday, for five hundred francs more, he will consent to run the same risk, or a worse risk, again. I could have wished that he had saved a woman from the flames—that he had rescued some one from sudden death, or that he had discovered a new planet when suspended in mid sky;—something to ennoble his courage, to dignify the risk, to palliate the coolness of nerve with which he had affronted the perils of the air.

"What are you driving at?" as the little nigger chanted when the dray ran over him. "Two dollars a day and roast beef," said the drayman.

As a dog without teeth, so is a poor man who contends with a rich one.

THE LONE INDIAN.

POWONTONAMO was the son of a mighty chief. He looked on his tribe with such a fiery glance, that they called him the Eagle of the Mohawks. His eye never blinked in the sunbeam; and he leaped along the chase like the untiring waves of Niagara. Even when a little boy, his tiny arrow would hit the frisking squirrel in the ear, and bring down the humming bird on her rapid wing. He was his father's pride and joy. He loved to toss him high in his sinewy arms, and shout, "Look, Eagle-eye, look! and see the big hunting-grounds of the Mohawks! Powontonamo will be their chief. The winds will tell his brave deeds. When men speak of him, they will not speak loud; but as if the Great Spirit hath breathed in thunder."

The prophecy was fulfilled. When Powontonamo became a man, the fame of his beauty and courage reached the tribes of Illinois; and even the distant Osage showed his white teeth with delight, when he heard the wild deeds of the Mohawk Eagle. Yet was his spirit frank, chivalrous, and kind. When the white men came to buy land, he met them with an open palm, and spread his buffalo for the traveller. The old chiefs loved the bold youth, and offered their daughter in marriage. The eyes of the young Indian girls sparkled when he looked on them. But he treated them all with the stern indifference of a warrior, until he saw Soonseetah raise her long dark eye-lash. Then his heart melted beneath the burning glance of beauty. Soonseetah was always considered to be the fairest of the Oneidas. The young men of her tribe called her the Sunny-eye. She was smaller than her nation usually are; and her slight, graceful figure was so elastic in its motions, that the tall grass would rise up and shake off its dew drops, after her pretty moccasins had pressed it. Many a famous chief had sought her love; but when they brought the choicest furs, she would smile disdainfully, and say, "Soonseetah's foot is warm. Has not her father an arrow?" When they offered her food, according to the Indian custom, her answer was, "Soonseetah has not seen all the warriors. She will eat with the bravest." The hunters told the young Eagle, that Sunny-eye of Oneida was beautiful as the bright birds in the hunting-land beyond the sky; but that her heart was proud, and she said the great chiefs were not good enough to dress venison for her. When Powontonamo listened to these accounts, his lip would curl slightly, as he threw back his fur-edged mantle, and placed his firm, springy foot forward, so that the beads and shells of his rich moccasin might be seen to vibrate at every sound of his tremendous war-song. If there was vanity in the act, there was likewise becoming pride. Soonseetah heard of his haughty smile, and resolved in her own heart that no Oneida should sit beside her, till she had seen the chieftain of the Mohawks. Before many moons had passed away, he sought her father's wigwam, to carry delicate furs and shining shells to the young coquette of the wilderness. She did not raise her bright melting eye to his, when he came near her; but when he said, "Will the Sunny-eye look on the gift of a Mohawk? his barbed arrow is swift; his foot never turned from the foe;" the color on her brown cheek was glowing as an autumnal twilight. Her voice was like the troubled note of the wren, as she answered, "The furs of Powontonamo are soft and warm to the foot of Soonseetah. She will weave the shells in the wampum belt of the Mohawk Eagle." The exulting lover sat by her side, and offered her venison and parched corn. She raised her timid eye as she tasted the food; and then the young Eagle knew that Sunny-eye would be his wife.

There was feasting and dancing, and the marriage song rang merrily in Mohawk cabins, when the Oneida came among them Powontonamo loved her as his own heart's blood. He delighted to bring her the fattest deers of the forest, and load her with the ribbons and beads of the English. The prophets of his people liked it not that the strangers grew so numerous in the land. They shook their heads mournfully, and said, "The moose and the beaver will not live within sound of the white man's gun. They will go beyond the lakes, and the Indians must follow their trail." But the young chief laughed them to scorn. He said, "The land is very big. The mountain eagle could not fly over it in many days. Surely the wigwams of the English will never cover it." Yet when he held his son in his arms, as his father had done before him, he sighed to hear the strokes of the axe levelling the old trees of his forests. Sometimes he looked sorrowfully on his baby boy, and thought he had perchance done him much wrong, when he smoked a pipe in the wigwam of the stranger.

One day, he left his home before the grey mist of morning had gone from the hills, to seek food for his wife and child. The polar-star was bright in the heavens ere he returned; yet his hands were empty. The white man's gun had scared the beasts of the forest, and the arrow of the Indian was sharpened in vain. Powontonamo entered his wigwam with a cloudy brow. He did not look at Soonseetah; he did not speak to her boy; but, silent and sullen, he sat leaning on the head of his arrow. He wept not, for an Indian may not weep; but the muscles of his face betrayed the struggle within his soul. The Sunny-eye approached fearfully, and laid her little hand upon his brawny shoulder, as she asked, "Why is the Eagle's eye on the earth? What has Soonseetah done, that her child dare not look in the face of his father?" Slowly the warrior turned his gaze upon her. The expression of sadness deepened as he answered, "The Eagle has taken a snake to his nest: how can his young sleep in it?" The Indian boy, all unconscious of the forebodings which stirred his father's spirit, moved to his side, and peeped up in his face with a mingled expression of love and fear.

The heart of the generous savage was full, even to bursting. His hand trembled, as he placed it on the sleek black hair of his only son. "The Great Spirit bless thee! the Great Spirit bless thee, and give thee back the hunting ground of the Mohawk!" he exclaimed. Then folding him, for an instant, in an almost crushing embrace, he gave him to his mother, and darted from the wigwam.

Two hours he remained in the open air; but the clear breath of heaven brought no relief to his noble and suffering soul. Wherever he looked abroad, the ravages of the civilized destroyer met his eye. Where were the trees, under which he had frolicked in infancy, sported in boyhood, and rested after the fatigues of battle? They formed the English boat, or lined the English dwelling. Where were the holy sacrifice-heaps of his people? The stones were taken to fence in the land, which the intruder dared to call his own. Where was his father's grave? The stranger's road passed over it, and his cattle trampled on the ground where the mighty Mohawk slumbered. Where were his once powerful tribe? Alas, in the white man's wars they had joined with the British, in the vain hope of recovering their lost privileges. Hundreds had gone to their last home, others had joined distant tribes; and some pitiful wretches, whom he scorned to call brethren, consented to live on the white man's bounty. These were corroding reflections; and well might fierce thoughts of vengeance pass through the mind of the deserted prince; but he was powerless now; and the English swarmed like vultures around the dying. "It is the work of the Great Spirit," said he. "The Englishman's God made the Indian's heart afraid; and now he is like a wounded buffalo, when hungry wolves are on his trail."

When Powontonamo returned to his hut, his countenance, though severe, was composed. He spoke to the Sunny-eye with more kindness than the savage generally addresses the wife of his youth; but his look told her that she must not ask the grief which had put a woman's heart within the breast of the far-famed Mohawk Eagle.

The next day, when the young chieftain went out on a hunting expedition, he was accosted by a rough, square-built farmer. "Powow," said he, "your squaw has been stripping a dozen of my trees, and I don't like it over much." It was a moment when the Indian could ill brook a white man's insolence. "Listen, Buffalo-head!" shouted he; and as he spoke he seized the shaggy pate of the unconscious offender, and eyed him with the concentrated venom of an ambushed rattlesnake,—"Listen to the Chief of the Mohawks! These broad lands are all his own. When the white man first left his cursed foot-print in the forest, the Great Bear looked down upon the big tribes of Iroquois and Abnaquis. The wigwams of the noble Delawares were thick where the soft winds dwell. The rising sun glanced on the fierce Pequods; and the Illinois, the Miamies, and warlike tribes, like the hairs of your head, marked his going down. Had the red man struck you then, your tribes would have been as the dry grass to the lightning! Go—shall the Sunny-eye of Oneida ask the pale face for a basket?" He breathed out a quick, convulsive laugh, and his white teeth showed through his parted lips, as he shook the farmer from him, with the strength and fury of a raging panther.

After that, his path was unmolested, for no one dared to awaken his wrath; but a smile never again visited the dark countenance of the degraded chief. The wild beasts had fled so far from the settlements, that he would hunt days and days without success. Soonseetah sometimes begged him to join the remnant of the Oneidas, and persuade them to go far off, toward the setting sun. Powontonamo replied, "This is the burial-place of my fathers;" and the Sunny-eye dared say no more.

At last, their boy sickened and died, of a fever he had taken among the English. They buried him beneath a spreading oak, on the banks of the Mohawk, and heaped stones upon his grave, without a tear. "He must lie near the water," said the desolate chief, "else the white man's horses will tread on him."

The young mother did not weep; but her heart had received its death-wound. The fever seized her, and she grew paler and weaker each day. One morning, Powontonamo returned with some delicate food he had been seeking for her. "Will Soonseetah eat?" said he. He spoke in a tone of subdued tenderness; but she answered not. The foot which was wont to bound forward to meet him, lay motionless and cold. He raised the blanket which partly concealed her face, and saw that the Sunny eye was closed in death. One hand was pressed hard against her heart, as if her last moments had been painful. The other grasped the beads which the young Eagle had given her in the happy days of courtship. One heart-rending shriek escaped the lips of the agonized savage. He tossed his arms wildly above his head, and threw himself beside the body of her he had loved as fondly, deeply, and passionately, as ever a white man loved. After the first burst of grief had subsided, he carefully untied the necklace from her full, beautiful bosom, crossed her hands over the sacred relic, and put back the shining black hair from her smooth forehead. For hours he watched the corpse in silence. Then he arose and carried it from the wigwam. He dug a grave by the side of his lost boy; laid the head of Soonseetah toward the rising sun; heaped the earth upon it, and covered it with stones, according to the custom of his people.

Night was closing in, and still the bereaved Mohawk stood at the grave of Sunny-eye, as motionless as its cold inmate. A white man, as he passed, paused, and looked in pity on him. "Are you sick?" asked he. "Yes; me sick. Me very sick here," answered Powontonamo, laying his hand upon his swelling heart. "Will you go home?" "*Home!*" exclaimed the heart-broken chief, in tones so thrilling, that the white man started. Then slowly, and with a half vacant look, he added, "Yes; me go home. By and by me go home." Not another word would he speak; and the white man left him, and went his way. A little while longer he stood watching the changing heavens; and then, with reluctant step, retired to his solitary wigwam.

The next day, a tree, which Soonseetah had often said was just as old as their boy, was placed near the mother and child. A wild vine was straggling among the loose stones, and Powontonamo carefully twined it around the tree. "The young oak is the Eagle of the Mohawks," he said; "and now the Sunny-eye has her arms round him." He spoke in the wild music of his native tongue; but there was none to answer. "Yes, Powontonamo will go home, sighed he; he will go where the sun sets in the ocean, and the white man's eyes have never looked upon it." One long, one lingering glance at the graves of his kindred, and the Eagle of the Mohawks bade farewell to the land of his fathers.

* * * *

For many a returning autumn, a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot we have mentioned; but, just thirty years after the death of Soonseetah, he was noticed for the last time. His step was then firm, and his figure erect, though he seemed old and way-worn. Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, but an expression of deep melancholy had settled on his wrinkled brow. It was Powontonamo—he who had once been the Eagle of the Mohawks! He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak, which shadowed the grave of Sunny-eye. Alas! the white man's axe had been there! The tree he had planted was dead; and the vine, which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch, now, yellow and withering, was falling to the ground. A deep groan burst from the soul of the savage. For thirty wearisome years he had watched that oak, with its twining tendrils. They were the only things left in the wide world for him to love, and they were gone! He looked abroad. The hunting land of his tribe was changed, like its chieftain. No light canoe now shot down the river, like a bird upon the wing. The laden boat of the white man alone broke its smooth surface. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk; and iron hoofs had so beaten down the war-path, that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track. The last wigwam was destroyed; and the sun looked boldly down upon spots he had visited only by stealth, during thousands and thousands of moons. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn; the long line of heavy clouds, melting away before the coming sun; and the distant mountain, seen through the blue mist of departing twilight, alone remained as he had seen them in his boyhood. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian. "Yes," said he, "the young oak and the vine are like the Eagle and the Sunny-eye. They are cut down, torn, and trampled on. The leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattering, like my people. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick, as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks."

A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. "The white man carries food to his wife and children, and he finds them in his home," said he. "Where is the squaw and papoose of the red man? They are here!" As he spoke he fixed his eye thoughtfully upon the grave. After a gloomy silence, he again looked round upon the fair scene, with a wandering and troubled gaze. "The pale face may like it," murmured he; "but an Indian cannot die here in peace." So saying, he broke his bow string, snapped his arrows, threw them on the burial place of his fathers, and departed for ever.

* * * * *

None ever knew where Powontonamo laid his dying head. The hunters from the West said, a red man had been among them, whose tracks had been far off toward the rising sun; that he seemed like one who had lost his way, and was sick to go home to the Great Spirit. Perchance, he slept his last sleep where the distant Mississippi receives its hundred streams. Alone, and unfriended, he may have laid him down to die, where no man called him brother; and the wolves of the desert, long ere this, may have howled the death-song of the Mohawk Eagle.

Pigeon Shooting.

WOOD AND YOUNG—IMPORTANT MATCH FOR £200 A SIDE.—Articles were entered into on the 4th inst, between Edmund Wood of Manchester, and Thomas Young of London, the said parties agreeing to shoot two matches at pigeons, for £100 a side each match, on the following conditions, namely, each to shoot at 100 pigeons each match, that is to say, 50 pigeons each on 2 consecutive days. The first match to be shot on the 27th and 28th days of July next at the Royal Oak Barking-road, near London, and the second match to be shot in or near Manchester, on the 4th and 5th days of August next; 21 yards rise, 80 boundary, shot to be limited to 1½oz; each to hold the gun as he pleases, but the pigeons must be shot flying and not on the ground; each party by himself or substitute to find and trap birds for the other, and to gather his own birds, by substitute or otherwise, without any assistance to his hands or feet either by sticks or otherwise; the birds to have the wind, each day's shooting to commence at one o'clock P.M.; Mr. Wood at the match in or near Manchester, to keep the spectators at least 20 yards from the shooters, and Mr. Young to do the same at the London Match; Mr. Wood to find a fair pigeon-trap in the opinion of the umpires and referee, or any two of them, for the Manchester match, and both parties to shoot out of the same said one trap, and Mr. Young to do the same for the London match. The editor of Bell's Life to be stakeholder and referee, or any one appointed by him for both matches. The umpires to be chosen on the ground in the usual manner, and the decision of them and the referee, or any two of them, in every case to be final and conclusive; the whole of the stakes for both matches to be placed in the hands of the stakeholder on or before the 26th of July, and either party failing to fulfil this agreement, to forfeit the money staked to the other, unless he be rendered incapable by illness or unavoidable accident, or the death of himself or any near relative, which must be proved by affidavit of some respectable medical practitioner. In case of a tie in either match, the same to be shot off on the above terms, so that each match may be fairly won and lost and not drawn. To this the parties have signed their names, and we have received £50 a side.

An old bachelor says, "If you see a man or woman, with little or no occasion, often finding fault and correcting one another in company, you may be sure they are man and wife."

FLIRTATION.—A fashionable amusement for killing time, much in vogue everywhere, with old as well as young, played sometimes for sport, sometimes with forfeits.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

"A Balm for every Wound, a Cure for every Ill."

RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
LUMBAGO,
SCIATICA,
SALT-RHEUM,
TETTER,
PILES,
SCALD-HEAD,
CAKED BREAST,
SORE NIPPLES,
SORE SHINS,
BURNS AND
SCALDS,

ULCERS, GOUT,
STIFF JOINTS,
BRUISES,
CUTS,
CHAFES,
GALLS,
SPAVIN,
SPLENT,
RING-BONE,
SWENEY,
SORES,
SCRATCHES,
POLL-EVIL.

HARD LUMPS OR TUMORS,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Pains or Inflammation, in Man or Beast.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS.

This is to certify that the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been used quite extensively in the stables of Adams & Co.'s Great Southern, Eastern and Western Express, for CURING Galls, Chafes, Scratches, Sprains, and Bruises, and it has proved effectual. Many of their men have also used it on themselves and their families, and they all speak of its healing and remedial qualities in the highest terms. One of our hostlers got kicked, and badly cut and bruised on his knee—as usual, the Mustang Liniment was resorted to, and the soreness and lameness was soon removed, and it was perfectly well in three or four days. We have no hesitation in recommending it as a valuable preparation, to be used externally on man or beast.

J. DUNNING,
Foreman of Adams & Co.'s Express Stable, New York.

☞ A child in Frederickton, N. B., a few days ago, burned its legs severely against a stove. The mother immediately applied Linseed Oil and Cotton Wool, with a tight bandage over all. In a short time the screams of the child induced the mother to remove the bandage, when it was discovered that the cotton wool had taken fire by spontaneous combustion, and had considerably increased the size of the burn. The mother happened to think that she had part of a bottle of Mustang Liniment in her house, which she got immediately and applied to the burned limbs of the little sufferer, and as soon as it was applied, the child ceased its cries and soon after fell asleep in its mother's arms, by the soothing influence of this valuable preparation.

Every family should be supplied with this Liniment in case of accident, as we know it to be a valuable article.—*Boston Eve. Chronicle.*

☞ It becomes our duty to state, from unquestionable facts, that there is a compound patented by Messrs. Bragg & Co., Broadway, corner of Duane street, that in a pre-eminent degree supersedes all modern preparations, and the best evidence that can be given of the "Mexican Mustang Liniment" is, that it effects the salutary and desirable objects which its worthy inventors have so fully demonstrated in their advertisement, in another column. We are well acquainted with a gentleman in this city, who has visited our office every other day for the last three years, and who, during the period of seven years, as he states, suffered considerable pain at intervals, in his knee-joint, from rheumatism, and though he had recourse to every description of compound medicines within the reach of purchase, yet not the least relief did any of them afford him. About two months since he was induced to try the Mustang Liniment, and after about thirteen applications he found himself entirely relieved from all rheumatic pain or affection.—*Irish American.*

From a personal acquaintance with the individual mentioned in the preceding paragraph, we have no hesitation in endorsing the statement.—*Eds. Democrat*

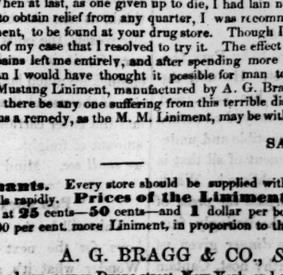
OFFICE WALL STREET JOURNAL,
NEW YORK, 1st Feb. 1853.

MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & Co.:—
We want your advertisement, because we have used your Liniment, personally, and it has done us good. We will insert it at $2 per month instead of $4, and you may change it to suit yourselves.
Yours, respectfully,
ROBINSON & CO.

DOVER, N. H., January 26th, 1853.

MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & Co.—I had a valuable horse that about three weeks since was wounded severely in his thigh, with a sharp hook, opening a gash three inches in length, and an inch or more deep. I tried various articles to heal it, but inflammation getting into it caused large quantities of matter to collect, and the limb was quite stiff. A friend of mine asked me if I had tried the Mustang Liniment, to which I replied in the negative, but thinking it might do some good, was induced to try it. I had only used one half bottle when the inflammation began to be removed, and the wound to heal. Now it is entirely healed and the hair is growing over the wound, making it look as well as ever. Hoping that others may be benefited by a trial of your valuable compound, I remain yours,
CHAS. E. WHITEHOUSE.

BRUISES AND SPRAINS.



We have almost daily proofs of the magical power of the **Mustang Liniment** in severe bruises and sprains. Every one is subject to accidental bruises by coming in contact with some hard substance, in stumbling, falling, being upset in carriages, railway cars, &c., or by kicks from horses, falling of stones, timbers, and other missiles, and thousands of other collisions that we are constantly subject to. A bruise upon the face or about the eyes, will frequently disfigure a person for weeks, by leaving large "black and blue" marks indicative of a "set to," that are particularly disagreeable and annoying to a sensitive person. By using the Mustang Liniment as directed, all these discolored spots will be removed with a few applications, and the skin left its natural color. Sprains of the most severe character are cured in a few days.

RHEUMATISM.

Persons afflicted with this disease, no matter of how long standing, or what the cause, or what remedies they may have used, so that the organization of the affected parts are not destroyed, can be promptly, effectually, and permanently cured, simply by using the

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

Numerous certificates can be furnished from persons who have paid hundreds of dollars to doctors, and from ONE to FIVE dollars a bottle for various Rheumatic Compounds and Specifics, without receiving any relief, who have been perfectly cured in a few days by the use of ONE BOTTLE of the Mustang Liniment. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have as yet established but one agency for the Mustang Liniment in Canada West—namely, Mr. James Granger, of Napannee. He writes us as follows:

"The way is, in my opinion, opening advantageously for an extensive sale of your article in our neighborhood. Scarcely a day passes without several calls for Mustang Liniment." With this letter came the following certificates.

CANADA WEST,
FREDERICKSBURG, December 1st, 1852.

MR. JAMES GRANGER—Sir, I feel it my duty to inform you of the good effects of a medicine which I purchased of you, called Mexican Mustang Liniment. My wife has been affected with very severe Rheumatism during the last twenty-four years, and her case has baffled the most skilful physicians in our vicinity. I have tried every patent medicine recommended to cure that disease, which came within my reach, but her affliction was rather increased than lessened. Her knee, the part in which the disease was located, became greatly calloused. She had been for many years obliged to use crutches having almost entirely lost the use of her limbs. I by chance heard of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, for which I was informed you were agent. I obtained and applied a bottle. It entirely removed the pain, and by a continued application of more of the medicine, I believe four bottles, the callouses are now nearly gone. My wife can now walk freely without crutches and free from pain.
Yours, very truly,
WM. SPENCER, Sen.

CANADA WEST,
RICHMOND, February 8th, 1853.

MR. JAMES GRANGER—Dear Sir: During the last six years, I have been a very great sufferer from Rheumatism. In the cold weather, especially, my disease raged with almost insupportable violence. I have been frequently confined to my bed for weeks together. I became helpless and hopeless. I have tried the multitude of nostrums prescribed by my friends and acquaintances, but without any permanent relief. At very great expense, I employed medical aid. I remained many months under the charge of the best reputed physicians in our vicinity, but found no better success. I had recourse to the most skilful practitioners in Bellville and Kingston, but my hopes were again prostrated. My case was considered *incurable*. When at last, as one given up to die, I had lain nearly three months suffering extreme agony and unable to obtain relief from any quarter, I was recommended to use a medicine called Mexican Mustang Liniment, to be found at your drug store. Though I had never heard of such a medicine, such was the state of my case that I resolved to try it. The effect seemed scarcely credible to myself, yet it was so. My pains left me entirely, and after spending more than one hundred dollars in cash, and suffering more than I would have thought it possible for man to suffer and survive, one dollar's worth of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, manufactured by A. G. Bragg & Co., has completely restored me to health. Should there be any one suffering from this terrible disease, I hope that so simple, easily applied and efficacious a remedy, as the M. M. Liniment, may be within their reach. I remain dear sir, yours very truly,
SAMUEL BALDWIN.

To Country Merchants. Every store should be supplied with this valuable Liniment, as it pays a good profit, and sells rapidly. **Prices of the Liniment.** It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and RETAILS at **25** cents—**50** cents—and **1** dollar per bottle. The 50 cent and dollar bottles contain 50 and 100 per cent. more Liniment, in proportion to their cost, so that money is saved by buying the large sizes.

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